

THE CHATHAMITE



1938

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THE CHATHAMITE

1938



PUBLISHED BY THE CLASS OF 1938

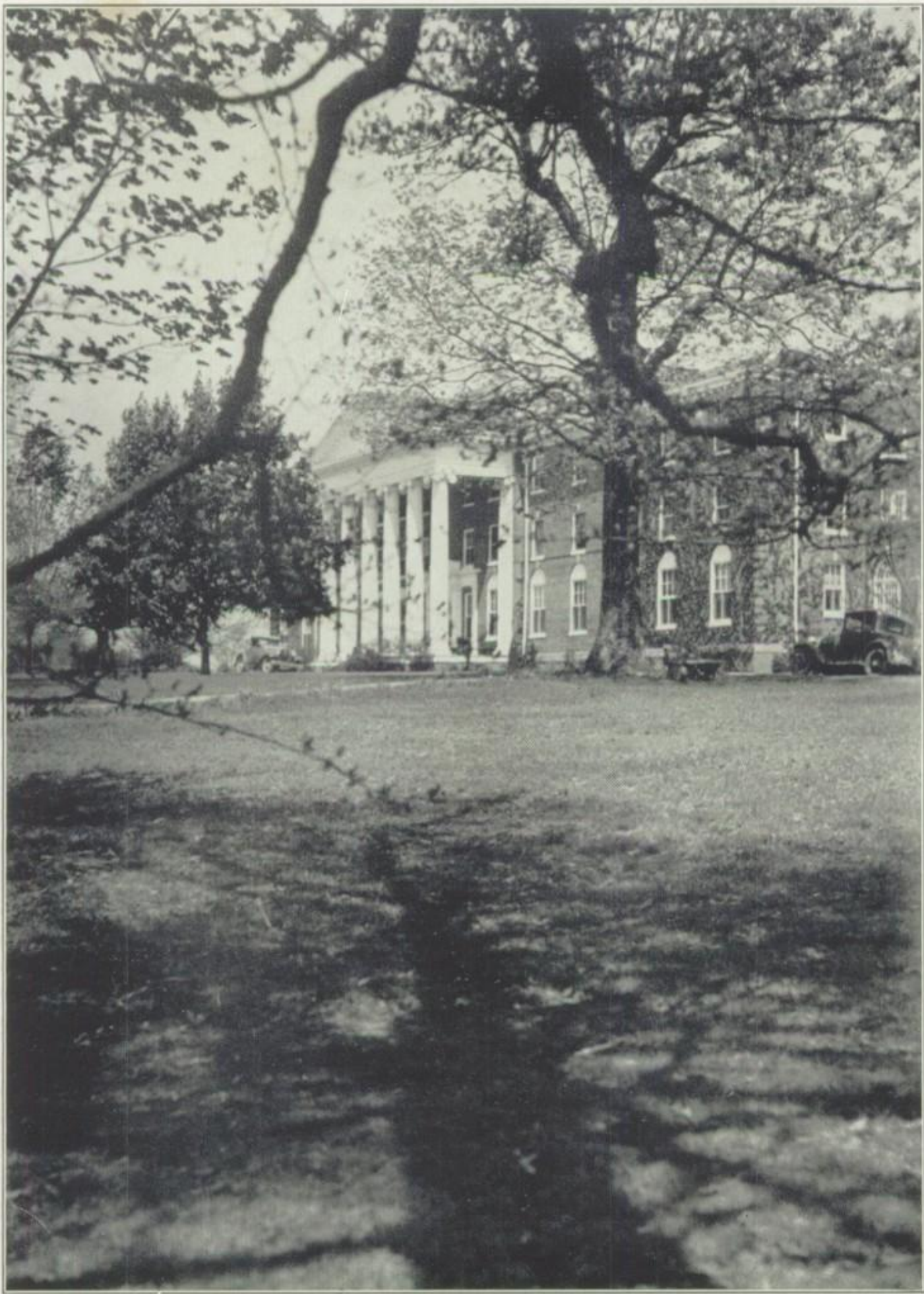
CHATHAM HALL
CHATHAM VIRGINIA



To

DOROTHY GRAY BALDWIN

*Whom we have all known and loved, and who has contributed
so much towards the success of this, our last year,
we dedicate this book*



THE CHATHAMITE . . .



DR. EDMUND J. LEE

... THE CHATHAMITE



FACULTY AND STAFF

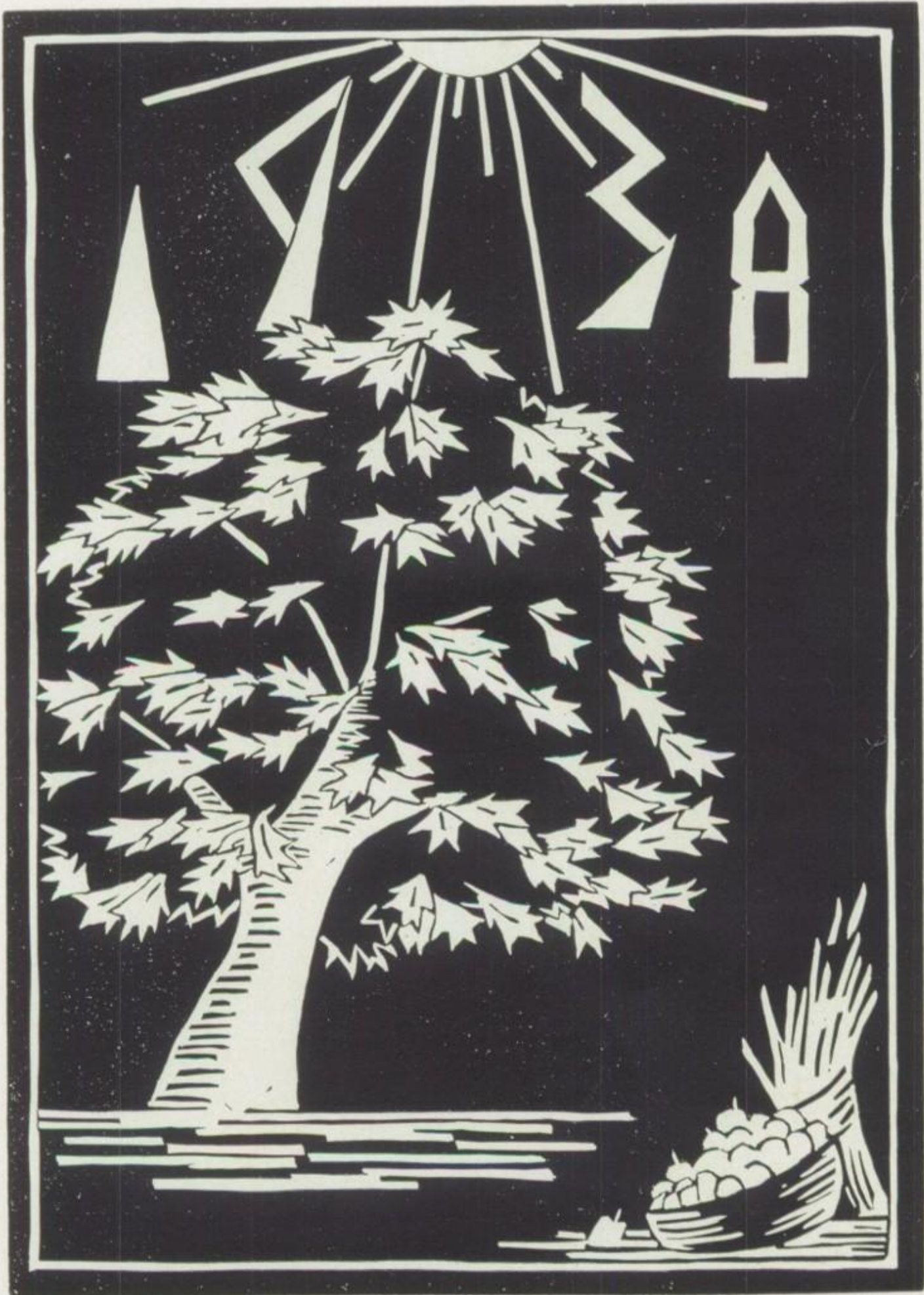
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VIRGINIA STEWART, M.A. <i>Latin</i>	LAURA K. POAGUE <i>Housemother</i>
DOROTHY GRAY BALDWIN, B.A. <i>Librarian</i>	MYRA D. C. BOWMAN <i>Housemother, Violin</i>
ELINE MCKNIGHT <i>Art</i>	LULU FELTS <i>Dietitian</i>
PANSY ANDRUS <i>Piano</i>	ELIZABETH REID HERNDON <i>Laundry Superintendent</i>
ELVA NICHOLSON <i>Piano</i>	

THE CHATHAMITE . . .



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Straw,
 you scare
 me with those
 terrible tones.
 I'll be string you at
 the 10th reunion
 love and
 such griddin'

THE CHATHAMITE . . .



FREDERICKA BART BERGER

5516 5th Avenue

Pittsburgh, Pennsylvania

Entered Fall 1935. Member Gold Team.
 1935-36: Diving Team. 1935-37: Second
 Hockey Team. 1936-37: Second Soccer
 Team. 1937-38: Varsity Soccer, First Hockey
 Team. 1935-38: Astronomy Club. 1936-38:
 Dramatic Association, Camera Club. 1936-37:
 Anonymous Board, Chairman Red Cross
 Drive. 1936-38: Temporary Student Council,
 Discussion Group Leader. 1937-38: President
 Astronomy Club, Advisory Council. 1935-38:
 Honor Roll. 1936-37: Honors in Mathematics.

*"Persuading the false to the true,
 With a sweet unreason."*

DOROTHEA RANDOLPH BERKELEY

1318 Prospect Avenue

Bethlehem, Pennsylvania

Entered Fall 1934. Member Purple Team.
 1935-36: Second Hockey Team, Second
 Basketball Team. 1936-37: First Diving Team.
 1937-38: Captain Second Basketball Team,
 First Soccer Team, First Volleyball Team.
 1934-35: Dramatic Club. 1934-37: Music
 Club. 1934-38: Glee Club. 1935-36: Astron-
 omy Club. 1935-38: Choir. 1936-37: Vice-
 President and Secretary Music Club, Presi-
 dent Junior Class, Advisory Council. 1937-38:
 President Glee Club, Choir Leader; Member
 May Court.

*"And of her voice in echoing hearts
 A sound must long remain."*



THE CHATHAMITE

CAROLINE WADDEY BOXLEY

1208 Second Street
Roanoke, Virginia

Entered Fall 1935. Member Purple Team. 1936-37: May Day Drill. 1937-38: Second Soccer Team. 1935-36: Dramatic Club. 1936-38: Camera Club. 1937-38: Dramatic Association. 1936-37: Anonymous Board. 1937-38: Temporary Marshal, Treasurer Race Relations Department, Exchange Editor Literary Magazine, Associate Literary Editor CHATHAMITE. 1935-38: Honor Roll.

*"I do not want to be a fly,
I want to be a worm."*



LOUISA BARNALOW BRIDGE

"Fairway"
Troy, Ohio

Entered Fall 1936. Member Gold Team. 1936-37: May Day Drill, Second Soccer Team. 1936-38: Second Basketball Team. 1937-38: First Soccer Team. 1936-37: Music Club. 1937-38: Bird Club. 1936-38: Temporary Student Council. 1937-38: Discussion Group Leader, Treasurer Service League.

"I am Aladdin, turning troubles into joys."

Much Love, Dearie,
Bridge

Dear Stu, as I get the
 look all covered with
 casual + look at you with
 my one open eye. I'll just
 wish you loads of luck next
 year and here's to a big reunion
 lots of love,
 4/29/38

THE CHATHAMITE . . .



MARY ELIZA BROWN

Woodland Road
 Pittsburgh, Pennsylvania

Entered Fall 1935. Member Gold Team.
 1936-37: Second Soccer Team. 1936-38:
 Archery Tournament. 1937-38: Second Vol-
 leyball Team, Varsity Soccer. 1935-38: Art
 Club, Astronomy Club. 1937-38: Marshal,
 President Art Club, Art Editor CHATHAMITE.
 1935-37: Honor Roll. 1937-38: Honorable
 Mention.

"My art is the painting of soul,
 So fine, so exacting, so strange."

Stew dear -
 get what's happenin' this
 year - and our end of the
 Pseudu has it!!
 lots of love,
 Bunning

JEAN MILLER BRUNDRED

6655 Kinsman Road
 Pittsburgh, Pennsylvania

Entered Fall 1936. Member Purple Team.
 1937-38: First Volleyball Team. 1936-37:
 Glee Club. 1936-38: Dramatic Association,
 Dramatic Club. 1937-38: Temporary Student
 Council, Advisory Council, Secretary World
 Outlook Department.

"Having the bright immortal youth
 Of virtue, and the joy of truth."



THE CHATHAMITE

HARRIET ANGIER CHANDLER

1803 Beacon Street
Brookline, Massachusetts

Entered Fall 1936. Member Gold Team.
1936-37: May Day Drill. 1937-38: Astronomy Club, Dramatic Association.

"And I to my pledged word am true."



SARAH CHOATE

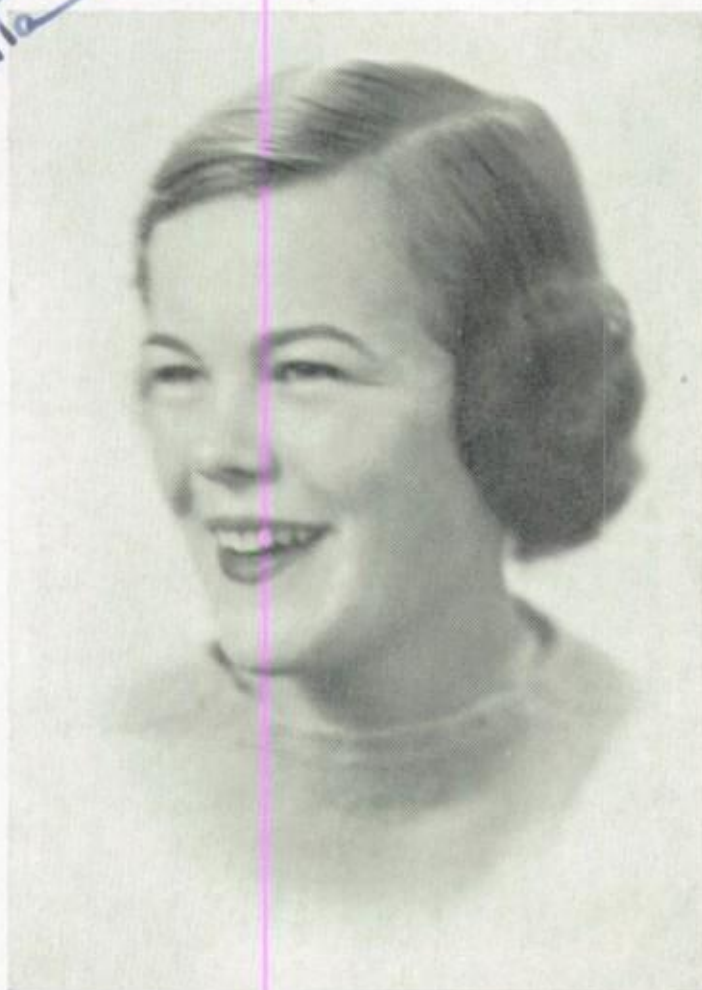
302 West Wabasha Street
Winona, Minnesota

Entered Fall 1935. Member Gold Team.
1935-36: Diving Team. 1937-38: Second Soccer Team. 1935-36: Art Club. 1935-37: Dramatic Club. 1936-37: Dance Club. 1937-38: Art Club, Dramatic Association. 1936-38: Associate Editor Literary Magazine, Associate Literary Editor CHATHAMITE. 1937-38: Associate Editor CHATHAMITE. 1936-37: Honorable Mention Literary Award. 1937-38: Honor Roll.

*"The magnificent cause of being—
The imagination, the one reality
In this imagined world."*

THE CHATHAMITE . . .

Best Love
She - Sheila



SHEILA CLARK

Bryn Mawr, Pennsylvania

Entered Fall 1934. Member Purple Team. 1934-35: Second Baseball Team, Winner C Tennis Singles, Winner B Tennis Doubles. 1934-36: Second Hockey Team. 1934-38: Second Soccer Team. 1935-36: First Baseball Team. 1935-38: May Day Drill. 1936-38: First Hockey Team. 1935-36: Astronomy Club. 1935-38: Art Club. 1936-38: Bit and Spur Club. 1937-38: Dramatic Association. 1936-37: Spring Dance Committee, Temporary Student Council. 1936-38: Winter Dance Committee. 1937-38: Business Manager CHATHAMITE, Secretary-Treasurer Bit and Spur Club, Chairman Red Cross Drive, Chief Marshal, Advisory Council, Vice-President Senior Class.

"Born with the gift of laughter and a sense that the world is mad."

EMILY BARBER CLEMONS

McCormick Road
University Library
University, Virginia



Entered Fall 1937. Member Purple Team. 1937-38: Second Soccer Team, Varsity Basketball, First Volley Ball Team, Captain First Hockey Team, Varsity Hockey, Dramatic Association, Astronomy Club, Temporary Student Council, Associate Editor Literary Magazine, Associate Literary Editor CHATHAMITE, Cheer Leader.

"Age shall not weary me nor the years condemn."

Dear Steve,
If you can spare
any of your flowers
to Ferdinand, give me
a couple. I
need something
for my room. It
looks like the
Black Hole of Cal-
cutta. Hope I'll
see you again. We
were some scene shifters
together. Love.
Emil

. . . THE CHATHAMITE

LYDIA BULLARD COBB

Old Pickard Farm
Concord, Massachusetts

Entered Fall 1935. Member Gold Team.
1935-38: Astronomy Club. 1937-38: Dramatic Association. 1936-37: Temporary Student Council. 1937-38: Marshal.

*"For she did love so passing well
The proud songs of the solemn sea."*



ALICE BARRAND COCKE

1220 Graydon Avenue
Norfolk, Virginia

Entered Fall 1936. Member Gold Team.
1936-37: Dramatic Club. 1937-38: Temporary Student Council; Member May Court.

"She is never sorrowful, never lonely."

"Stars dear" - well, it's all over, and the something and we both make it! It's see you something
College and don't be as
cray up there as you are here - whoa, "Stars" - How's Carolina and all the rest -
Pam Alice

THE CHATHAMITE . . .

Dear "Stew",
 Good luck
 in the future—
 and we'll hope
 we can meet
 again sometime—
 all 4 of us.
 Love—
 Frankie



FRANCES MEAKER COLVILLE

89 Lincoln Avenue
 Carbondale, Pennsylvania

Entered Fall 1936. Member Gold Team. 1936-37: First Basketball Team, Runner-up Fall Archery Tournament, Winner Spring Archery Tournament. 1937-38: Second Basketball Team, Second Hockey Team, Runner-up Fall Archery Tournament. 1936-38: Bird Club. 1937-38: Astronomy Club, Dramatic Association; President Bird Club, Advisory Council.

"I will sail forth, nor fear to sink thereunder."

Dear "Stew"
 Lots of love and luck for
 bigger and better things next
 year — 

PHYLLIS COOK

Bishopstead
 Wilmington, Delaware

Entered Fall 1936. Member Purple Team. 1937-38: Second Soccer Team, Captain Second Hockey Team, Second Volleyball Team. 1936-37: Dramatic Club. 1936-38: Camera Club. 1937-38: Dramatic Association, Student Council, Advisory Council, Discussion Group Leader, President Northfield League.

*"Joy was a flame in me
 Too steady to destroy."*



Stew Dear -
 you have
 been a wonderful
 friend - and have
 the C.A.C. been fun -
 heads of how and luck to
 you with your at
 Brown - hope you
 see you some time
 in the year future
 "Cunning"

MARY RUTH CUNNINGHAM

975 Mira Vista Terrace
 Pasadena, California

Entered Fall 1936. Member Gold Team.
 1936-37: Second Soccer Team, Second Hoc-
 key Team, Runner-up Tennis Singles, May
 Day Drill, Winner Badminton. 1936-38:
 Winner Tennis Doubles, Varsity Basketball.
 1937-38: Winner Tennis Singles, Captain
 First Basketball Team, First Hockey Team,
 May Day Drill Substitute, Varsity Soccer,
 Varsity Volleyball. 1936-37: Dramatic Asso-
 ciation. 1937-38: Dramatic Club. 1937-38:
 C. A. C. 1936-37: *Anonymous* Board. 1937-
 38: Captain Gold Team, Temporary Student
 Council. 1936-37: Best Athlete Cup.

"Life, to one born whole, is worth the living,
 Well worth the taking, having, and the
 giving."



Heaps of love Stew Dear -
 "Living"

ANNE KATHARINE DEERING

103 North Street
 Saco, Maine

Entered Fall 1936. Member Gold Team.
 1937-38: Second Hockey Team, May Day
 Drill. 1936-37: Dance Club, Dramatic Club.
 1936-38: Glee Club, Choir; Cheer Leader.

"A manner blithe and debonair."

THE CHATHAMITE . . .



LOUISE RICHMOND DORRANCE

22 Sidney Place
Brooklyn, New York

Entered Fall 1935. Member Purple Team. 1936-37: Second Soccer Team, Varsity Basketball. 1936-38: Second Hockey Team. 1937-38: Varsity Soccer, Varsity Volleyball. 1935-36: Music Club. 1935-38: Dramatic Club, Glee Club, Choir. 1936-37: *Anonymous* Board. 1937-38: Cheer Leader, Student Council, Advisory Council, Head Devotional Department, Discussion Group Leader.

*"Simplicity and subtlety
At different times are backgrounds for each
other."*

MARY FERREE FERGUSON

400 Willow Street
Lockport, New York

Entered Fall 1937. Member Purple Team. 1937-38: May Day Drill and Lancers; Dramatic Club, Bit and Spur Club; Honor Roll.

*"Sagacious, patient, dreading praise, not
blame."*



Dear Stew—
Be sure your flowers match
Ferdinand— Luck in your art career—
Julie

. . . THE CHATHAMITE

JULIA BENSON FORAKER

Morris Avenue and Old Gulf Road
Bryn Mawr, Pennsylvania

Entered Fall 1933. Member Purple Team. 1934-35: Runner-up Swimming Meet. 1935-36: Second Soccer Team. 1933-38: Dramatic Club. 1935-37: Dance Club, Literary Circle. 1935-38: Art Club, Camera Club. 1934-37: Cheer Leader. 1935-36: Sophomore Representative Literary Magazine. 1936-37: Exchange Editor Literary Magazine. 1937-38: Editor-in-Chief CHATHAMITE, Student Council, Advisory Council, Discussion Group Leader. 1933-38: Honor Roll. 1934-36: Junior Scholastic Medal. 1935-36: Swimming Cup. 1935-37: Latin Award. 1936-37: French Award, Senior Scholastic Medal.

"Genius, that power which dazzles mortal eyes,
Is oft but perseverance in disguise."

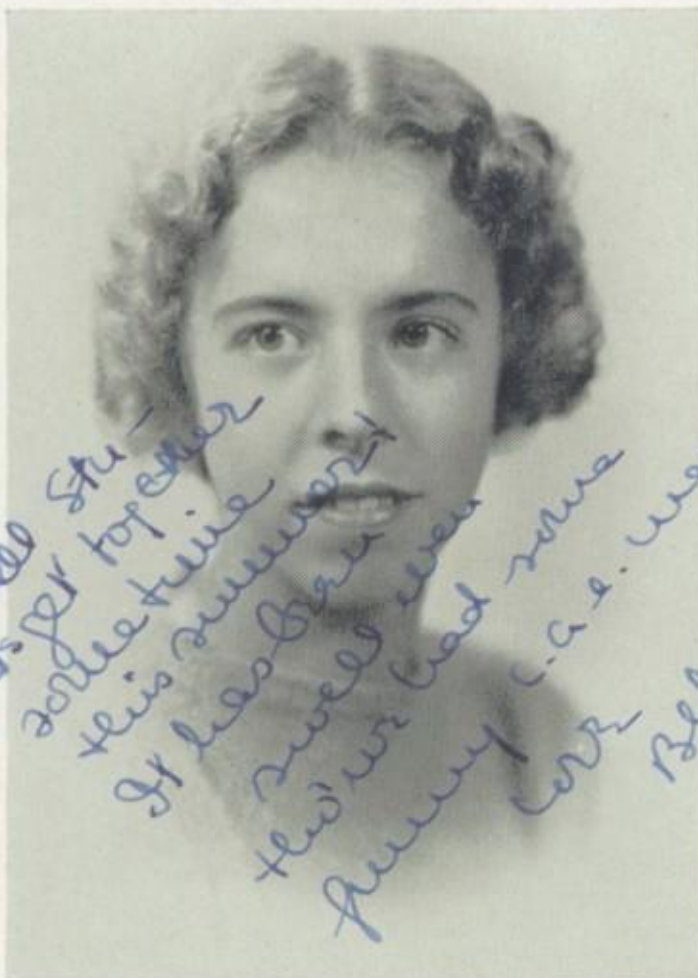


BELLE LAWRENCE FRANKLIN

132-43 Sanford Avenue
Flushing, Long Island, New York

Entered Fall 1934. Member Gold Team. 1934-36: Second Hockey Team. 1935-36: Second Soccer Team, Second Baseball Team. 1936-37: Winner Fall Golf Tournament, First Hockey Team, First Baseball Team, Runner-up Spring Golf Tournament. 1936-38: First Soccer Team. 1937-38: First Basketball Team, Varsity Hockey. 1934-35: Music Club, Glee Club. 1934-38: Art Club. 1935-36: Dramatic Association. 1937-38: Bird Club; Treasurer Art Club, Chairman World Outlook Department, C. A. C.

"Back of the canvas that throbs,
The painter is hinted and hidden."



THE CHATHAMITE . . .



Stew dear,
Undoubtedly
there'll be meetings
at ye Wrochester
this summer so
It's not far away
but low 2

JEAN FULLER

29 Roosevelt Avenue
Pelham Manor, New York

Jeff

Entered Fall 1936. Member Purple Team.
1936-37: Second Basketball Team. 1937-38:
First Basketball Team, Second Soccer Team,
Second Hockey Team. 1936-38: Dramatic
Association, Cheer Leader, Chairman Radio
Committee, Temporary Student Council, Head
Make - up Committee, Organizations Editor
CHATHAMITE. 1936-37: Honors in English.
1937-38: Honor Roll.

*"And a shrewd wisdom, unafraid
Of what weak mortals fear to lose."*

EMILY GRIFFIN

995 Fifth Avenue
New York City, New York

Entered Fall 1936. Member Gold Team.
1937-38: Second Hockey Team. 1936-33:
Music Club. 1937-38: Glee Club, Choir, Art
Club; Secretary-Treasurer Music Club.

*"When we are young we long
To trod a way none trod before."*



. . . THE CHATHAMITE

MARY JANE HART

312 Hart Street
New Britain, Connecticut

Entered Fall 1935. Member Gold Team.
1936-37: Winner Fall Archery Tournament.
1935-38: Art Club. 1936-37: Literary Circle.
1936-38: Dramatic Club. 1937-38: Music
Club. 1936-37: *Anonymous* Board. 1937-38:
Art Editor CHATHAMITE. 1935-38:
Honor Roll.

"Because her heart in shadow loved to range."



*Dearest Stu
(or Stew?)
Hope to see
you very
often in
the dark,
doubtful
future, you
great athlete
and cheer
leader and
horticulturist!
Love,
Mary Jane*



MARY DALZELL HAYS

Hunt Road
Sharpsburg, Pennsylvania

Entered Fall 1935. Member Purple Team.
1935-36: Second Hockey Team. 1935-37:
Second Soccer Team. 1935-38: May Day
Drill. 1936-37: First Hockey Team. 1937-38:
Captain First Soccer Team, Varsity Soccer,
Varsity Hockey. 1935-36: Astronomy Club,
Art Club. 1935-38: Bit and Spur Club. 1936-
37: Secretary-Treasurer Bit and Spur Club.
1936-38: C. A. C. 1937-38: Vice-President
Bit and Spur Club, Student Council, Advisory
Council. 1935-36: Alice Richter Cup.

*"To set the cause above renown,
To love the game above the prize."*

Dear Ste (Stew) - How do you spell it? It's
 too bad we're leaving, but it does away with
 the problem of a certain club we're both think-
 THE CHATHAMITE . . . ing of. Lots of

love. -Herron-



LOUISE HERRON

Redbrook, R. F. D. #2
 Charlottesville, Virginia

Entered Fall 1935. Member Purple Team.
 1935-36: Second Soccer Team, Varsity Bas-
 ketball. 1935-37: Second Hockey Team.
 1936-37: First Basketball Team. 1937-38:
 Varsity Soccer, Captain First Basketball
 Team, Varsity Basketball, First Hockey Team,
 Second Volleyball Team. 1935-37: Literary
 Circle. 1935-38: Glee Club, Choir. 1936-38:
 Camera Club, C. A. C. 1936-37: Managing
 Editor *Anonymous*. 1936-38: Discussion
 Group Leader. 1937-38: Vice-President Stu-
 dent Council. 1935-36, 1937-38: Honor Roll.

"Serene and high,
 . . . and so unfathomably deep."

MARGUERITE WRIGHT HILLMAN

1083 Shady Avenue
 Pittsburgh, Pennsylvania

Entered Fall 1935. Member Purple Team.
 1935-36: May Day Drill. 1937-38: Second
 Soccer Team, First Hockey Team, Second
 Volleyball Team. 1935-36: Art Club, Astron-
 omy Club. 1937-38: Dramatic Association.
 1936-37: Temporary Student Council. 1937-
 38: Discussion Group Leader, Vice-President
 Northfield League; Member May Court.

"In deep fair pools new beauty lingers."



*Spew sweet, I
 are really going
 to miss you - you've
 backed me up in one
 day or another all year long
 + I don't know what I'll do
 without you - we must
 meet in N.Y. next
 year -
 really*

THE CHATHAMITE

*Much
 love,
 Holl*

ALICE KEYS HOLLISTER

1831 Keys Crescent
Cincinnati, Ohio

Entered Winter 1935. Member Purple Team. 1934-35: First Baseball Team. 1935-36: Second Hockey Team. 1935-37: First Soccer Team. 1935-38: May Day Drill. 1936-37: First Hockey Team. 1937-38: Second Soccer Team, First Basketball Team, Second Hockey Team. 1934-35: Astronomy Club. 1934-36: Art Club. 1935-38: Bit and Spur Club. 1936-37: Dramatic Association. 1937-38: Art Club. 1936-37: Temporary Student Council, Chairman Race Relations Department. 1937-38: C. A. C., Service League Cabinet, Captain Purple Team.

"Nothing can tame me, nothing can bind."



*So dear,
 good influence
 that door, but
 you certainly
 must suffer
 every time
 you go
 by our mess.
 I hope to be
 the U.S.
 best flower
 grower -
 Tessa*

MARGARET CARSON HOLT

45 East 66th Street
New York City, New York

Entered Fall 1935. Member Gold Team. 1935-38: Second Soccer Team, May Day Drill. 1937-38: Second Basketball Team, First Volleyball Team. 1935-38: Bird Club. 1936-38: Astronomy Club, Dramatic Association, Bit and Spur Club. 1937-38: Glee Club, Vice-President, Secretary Astronomy Club. 1935-36: Purple and Gold Letter.

"She rides the great black horses of her heart."

1938
 had you
 not? it's all
 to make use of
 your powerful
 it's an artistic way
 anyway he's good.
 Marie

THE CHATHAMITE . . .



MARIE LOUISE HULBURD

Lake Forest, Illinois

Entered Fall 1935. Member Purple Team.
 1935-36: Winner Spring Tennis Doubles.
 1935-37: Baseball Varsity. 1936-37: Winner
 Fall Tennis Doubles, Second Basketball Team.
 1936-38: Second Hockey Team, Soccer Var-
 sity. 1937-38: Varsity Volleyball, Runner-up
 Fall Tennis Singles and Doubles. 1935-36:
 Music Club, Astronomy Club. 1935-37: Art
 Club. 1937-38: Camera Club; Sports Editor
 CHATHAMITE. 1935-37: Letter Award.

*"You are a pool
 Unshadowed by cast lustre."*

ALICE JAQUES

14 Gloucester Street
 Boston, Massachusetts

Entered Fall 1936. Member Purple Team.
 1936-37: Second Hockey Team. 1936-38:
 First Soccer Team. 1937-38: Varsity Volley-
 ball. 1936-38: Choir, Glee Club, Art Club.
 1937-38: Dramatic Association, Music Club,
 Student Council, Advisory Council, Vice-
 President Music Club, Discussion Group
 Leader, Editor-in-Chief Literary Magazine,
 Literary Editor CHATHAMITE. 1936-37: Golf
 Cup, Letter Award. 1937-38: Honor Roll.

*"That incomparable and touching grace;
 It is the very pattern of your soul."*



Lots of love
 Stew - I'll
 hear about
 you when you
 go to Beaver
 (where is it?)
 How many
 people go there?

Alice
 ~~~~~



# . . . THE CHATHAMITE

## LOUISE LIGGET

Chestnut Hill  
Philadelphia, Pennsylvania

Entered Fall 1935. Member Gold Team. 1937-38: Captain Second Soccer Team. 1937-38: Second Hockey Team. 1935-36: Music Club, Astronomy Club. 1935-38: Dramatic Club, Glee Club. 1936-37: Dance Club. 1937-38: Choir, Student Council, Substitute Discussion Group Leader, Advisory Council, President Service League.

*"Illustrious, who never strove for fame,  
Victorious—yet in her hand no sword."*



*See Steve -  
This isn't  
good. Let's  
us since I  
can really  
see you next  
winter which  
I will certainly  
do - T. D. then  
Love  
Sig.*



## EVELYN SCOTT MILLS

350 S. W. Military Road  
Dunthorpe  
Portland, Oregon

Entered Fall 1936. Member Purple Team. 1936-37: Second Basketball Team. 1937-38: Second Soccer Team, First Basketball Team. 1936-38: Choir, Glee Club, Dramatic Club, Dramatic Association. 1936-37: Temporary Student Council. 1937-38: Fire Marshal, Advisory Council, Discussion Group Leader, Chairman Social Outlook Department; Honorable Mention, Member May Court.

*"I have heart-fire and singing to give."*



Dear Stu- This is getting no ~~way~~ where so very fast. Guess I'll see you in Rye. Hot dog.

THE CHATHAMITE . . .

Love

Joannie.



JOAN DELAFIELD MORGAN

Julian Street  
Rye, New York

Entered Fall 1935. Member Purple Team. 1936-37: Second Soccer Team, Second Hockey Team. 1937-38: Captain Second Soccer Team, Varsity Hockey, May Day Drill and Lancers. 1935-37: Music Club. 1935-38: Bird Club, Dramatic Association. 1936-37: Dance Club. 1936-38: Camera Club. 1936-37: Vice-President Bird Club. 1936-38: President Camera Club. 1937-38: Marshal, Treasurer Devotional Department. 1935-36: Letter Award.

*"Whose happy heart has power  
To make a stone a flower."*

CAROLINE LAWRENCE MURRAY

5606 Northumberland Street  
Pittsburgh, Pennsylvania

Entered Fall 1934. Member Gold Team. 1935-36: Astronomy Club. 1936-37: Temporary Student Council. 1936-38: Bit and Spur Club. 1937-38: Bird Club, Astronomy Club, Dramatic Association; Secretary Service League; May Queen.

*"She is too kind, I think, for mortal things."*









# THE CHATHAMITE



Dear Stevie  
 You certainly had better  
 come back next year so you  
 can see us plodding along... but  
 I wish you'd stay and plod along  
 too! ... Lots of love  
 Stevie

HELEN ROBERTS

99 B Jessfield Road  
 Shanghai, China

Entered Fall 1937. Member Gold Team.  
 1937-38: First Basketball Team, Second Soc-  
 cer Team, Varsity Hockey, Music Club,  
 President Music Club.

*"Just as my fingers on these strings  
 Make music, so the self-same sounds  
 Of my spirit make a music too."*

BARBARA HOPE ROGERS

Lyncote  
 Tryon, North Carolina

Entered Fall 1936. Member Gold Team.  
 1936-38: Dramatic Club, Music Club.

*"Something of her gentleness,  
 And her tender bloom descry."*





H. Stew - your neatness really gets  
me down - Anyway I don't  
know what I'll do next year without  
you across from me keeping us  
quiet & making us be good - We  
loved it. Don't  
give up on

SARA DAY SNOWDEN

1397 Central Avenue  
Memphis, Tennessee

Entered Fall 1936. Member Gold Team.  
1936-37: Dramatic Association. 1937-38:  
Member May Court.

"And life to thee was all light melody."

you're  
still got a chance  
there if you're  
not satisfied with  
Beh - no doubt  
about that, though -  
is there? -

Aw - Sally



MARY WILMERDING SPRAGUE

"Orton Hill Farm"

Norris, Connecticut

Entered Fall 1935. Member Purple Team.  
1935-37: Art Club. 1935-38: Glee Club.  
1936-38: Dramatic Club, Choir. 1936-37:  
Temporary Student Council. 1937-38: Dis-  
cussion Group Leader, Marshal, Advisory  
Council, Secretary-Treasurer Glee Club;  
Maid-of-Honor May Court.

"Something more than melody dwells ever in  
her words."



We've had loads of fun this year.  
 Stu, my Dear. Wish we could do it over  
 again. Hope we can get together in the  
 THE CHATHAMITE . . . Smokey City

someday. Loads of  
 love - Stevie

HELEN THOMAS STEPHENSON P.S.

1521 Prospect Avenue  
 Bethlehem, Pennsylvania

Entered Fall 1935. Member Gold Team.  
 1935-36: First Hockey Team. 1936-37: Cap-  
 tain Second Basketball Team. 1936-38: Var-  
 sity Soccer, Varsity Hockey. 1937-38: Cap-  
 tain First Soccer Team, Captain First Hockey  
 Team, Winner Badminton Tournament, Win-  
 ner Tennis Doubles. 1935-36: Music Club,  
 Astronomy Club. 1936-37: Temporary Stu-  
 dent Council, Anonymous Board, C. A. C.  
 1937-38: Cheer Leader, Chairman Race Re-  
 lations Department, President C. A. C.,  
 Honor Roll.

"Your spirit, keen, quenchless, untiring,  
 Shall pass the gray mere-stones of time."

P.S. I really say all I'd  
 like to - you say it.



SHIRLEY JEAN STEWART

144 Greenhaven Road  
 Rye, New York

Entered Fall 1935. Member Gold Team.  
 1935-37: First Baseball Team, First Basket-  
 ball Team. 1935-38: Soccer Varsity, Hockey  
 Varsity. 1937-38: Captain Second Basketball  
 Team, Winner C Tennis Singles. 1935-36:  
 Astronomy Club. 1935-37: Dance Club. 1935-  
 38: Art Club. 1936-38: Camera Club, Dra-  
 matic Association. 1935-38: Head Cheer  
 Leader. 1937-38: C. A. C.

"Her garden was her pleasure and her care."



Stu Dear,  
 I said what  
 I meant before but  
 you know what I do  
 mean - Love,  
 Hope.



Steer dear  
 this year's been but I  
 tons of seen half enough  
 haven't seen half enough  
 of you. Anyway hope will bump  
 some time - day + make up for lost  
 Love mouse

# CLAIRE WARREN STREETER

Cow Lane  
 Great Neck, Long Island, New York

Entered Fall 1935. Member Purple Team.  
 1937-38: May Day Drill. 1935-36: Astron-  
 omy Club. 1937-38: Advisory Council,  
 President Senior Class.

"High as a star, yet lowly as a flower."



# OLIVIA THORNDIKE

509 Hammond Street  
 Chestnut Hill, Massachusetts

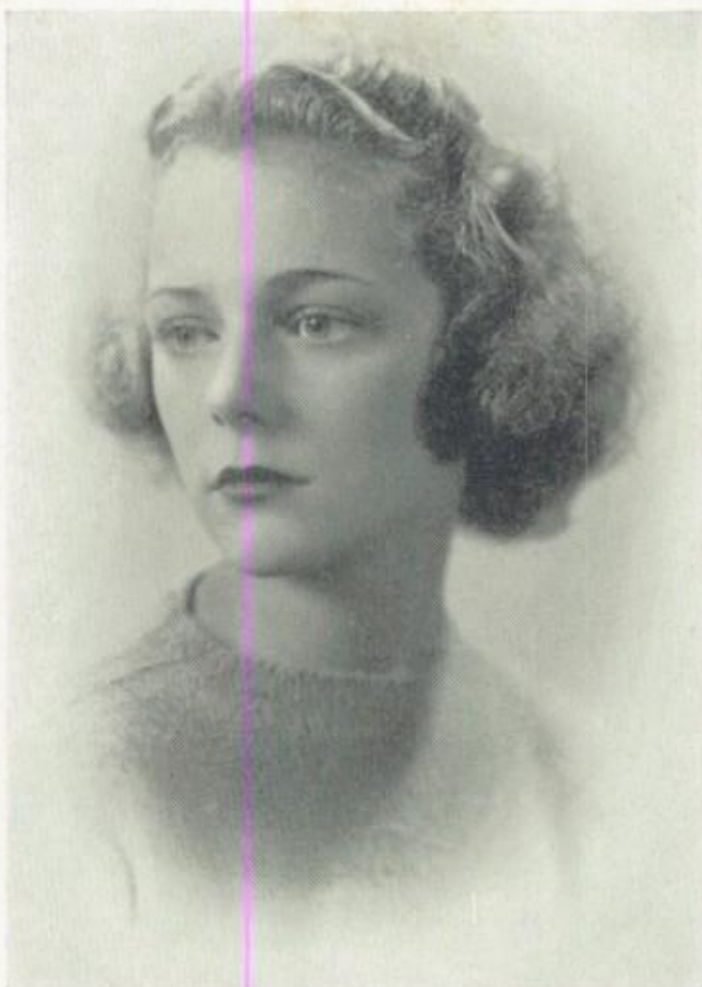
Entered Fall 1936. Member Gold Team.  
 1937-38: Second Hockey Team. 1936-38:  
 Glee Club, Choir, Dramatic Association.  
 1937-38: Art Club, Camera Club; Treasurer  
 Senior Class, Temporary Student Council,  
 Marshal, Advisory Council; Honor Roll,  
 Member May Court.

"I meet your glance, amused, serene, and  
 bright  
 With some small secret."

Steer, dear  
 hasn't it  
 been fun up  
 this end of  
 the hall!  
 See you  
 again -  
 much love,  
 Dix



# THE CHATHAMITE . . .



VIRGINIA LOUISE VINNEDGE

210 Boulevard  
Pelham, New York

Entered Fall 1936. Member Purple Team.  
1936-38: Varsity Soccer. 1937-38: Second  
Basketball Team, Second Hockey Team, Cap-  
tain First Volleyball Team, Varsity Volley-  
ball. 1936-38: Dramatic Club. 1937-38:  
Member May Court.

*"Turn beauty toward the sun."*

*Here's to your  
Trucking!! love  
much love  
for*

EDITH AISHTON WARD

Indian Hill Farms  
Rochester, Indiana

Entered Fall 1935. Member Gold Team.  
1935-36: May Day Drill, 1936-37: Second  
Hockey Team. 1937-38: First Basketball  
Team, Captain Second Volleyball Team, May  
Day Drill. 1935-36: Astronomy Club. 1936-  
37: Dramatic Club. 1936-38: Dramatic  
Association.

*"She labors, and laughs, and gives."*





*Hope you have a wonderful time at "Beaver",  
but you really ought to go to Annapolis -  
Lots of luck to you always -  
H/O.*

# . . . THE CHATHAMITE

## MARY FLORENCE WARDWELL

Cove Road  
Oyster Bay, Long Island, New York

Entered Fall 1934. Member Gold Team.  
1934-35: Second Basketball Team. 1935-36:  
Varsity Soccer, Second Basketball Team, Sec-  
ond Baseball Team. 1936-37: Second Soccer  
Team, Second Hockey Team, Varsity Base-  
ball. 1936-38: Varsity Basketball. 1937-38:  
First Soccer Team, First Volleyball Team,  
Varsity Hockey. 1935-36: Astronomy Club.  
1936-38: Music Club. 1937-38: Dramatic  
Association, C. A. C.; Temporary Marshal,  
Cheer Leader.

*"She looks on life with quiet eyes."*



## MARY CHILTON WINSLOW

1165 Fifth Avenue  
New York, New York

Entered Fall 1935. Member Purple Team.  
1937-38: First Soccer Team, Second Volley-  
ball Team. 1935-36: Astronomy Club. 1935-  
38: Dramatic Club. 1936-37: Literary Circle,  
*Anonymous* Board. 1937-38: Discussion Group  
Leader, Advisory Council, President Student  
Council. 1936-38: Honor Roll. 1937-38: First  
Lady of May Court.

*"With a mind  
That nobleness made simple as a fire,  
With beauty like a tightened bow."*



Show don't  
 tell, it's our  
 Biology &  
 everything  
 I can't believe  
 it. But we  
 got through our  
 Biol & I think  
 it's done  
 good of us.  
 We've got to  
 see each other  
 next year.  
 Lots of love  
 yours

## THE CHATHAMITE . . .



VIRGINIA CROSSAN WITHEROW

5448 Northumberland Street  
Pittsburgh, Pennsylvania

Entered Fall 1935. Member Gold Team. 1935-38: May Day Drill. 1936-38: Second Hockey Team. 1937-38: Captain Second Hockey Team. 1935-36: Astronomy Club. 1935-37: Music Club. 1935-38: Bit and Spur Club. 1936-37: Dramatic Association. 1937-38: President Bit and Spur Club, Student Council, Advisory Council.

*"All things that shine through thee appear  
As stones through water, sweetly clear."*

ADENA MILES WRIGHT

6 Beverly Road  
Grosse Pointe, Michigan

Entered Fall 1935. Member Purple Team. 1935-36: First Baseball Team, Second Soccer Team. 1936-37: Varsity Baseball. 1937-38: Second Soccer Team. 1935-36: Astronomy Club. 1935-38: Glee Club. 1936-38: Choir, Dramatic Club, Art Club. 1937-38: Marshal.

*"Joy in her step and music in her tone."*





## . . . THE CHATHAMITE

### SENIOR CLASS WILL

**W**E, the Class of '38, shaking the foundations of Pruden with one last shout, do hereby recklessly scatter these, our favorite possessions, among our heirs and benefactors of Chatham Hall in the solemn hope that they may return from a picnic in time to receive them.

Caroline, with pointed pointlessness, gives up her Hollywood secrecy, and surrenders her dark glasses to Spencer just to help that sophistication along.

Joanie Morgan, late as usual, dashes into the dining room and disturbs even Clifton's equilibrium by flinging six hundred and fifty copies of "Blood on the Saddle" to all those who have unsuccessfully tried to sing it without words.

Sarah Choate glides in mysteriously to bestow her slinky walk on Joanie Reid, and then clumps away, disconsolate.

Deering, in her last and longest special report, leaves her perseverance and ambition to Frannie Hathaway, who pulls out all her eyelashes at once from the shock.

Eyes shining like stars, Freddie dazzles all for the last time, and gives her blond tresses to hard-working Frannie Cauchois.

Eedee Porter steams triumphantly through her last "locomotive," and hands over her cheer leading to Betsy Evans. Give 'em the ax, Betsy.

In true mouse-like fashion, Claire relinquishes large, red Edward P. Bear as a permanent mascot for the Purple Team.

Dena leaves the school—thereby providing Mrs. Felts with an extra five pounds of butter per day.

Jeff reluctantly resigns her views on life to Einstein and Schatzi Bulkley. Take it or leave it, Albert!

Frannie leaves her bird's-eye view of Coalville to the Pittsburghers, hoping that it, along with her Senior Essay, may further illuminate them.

Emily Griffin, resolving hereafter to communicate only by telegram, casually abandons her well-modulated tones to Miss Morris. Maybe we'll be able to hear you now, Charlie!

Dolly comes trilling down from her high "C" to bequeath her natural curls to Betsy Harris. Thrilled, Betsy!

Stevie, the most wicked of glints in her cruel eyes, decides she's tired of being typed, and leaves her spidery villainy to Miss Hadaway for intimidating future German pupils.

Ginger smiles winningly before the battery of cameras. With a defiant toss of her head, she then intrusts her sweeping eyelashes to Dr. Lee to complement his eloquent eyebrows.



## THE CHATHAMITE . . .

Woozy hates to leave her roommate anything, but maybe Anne can do with those knees a little farther apart!

Sally Snowden, for once wearied with rambling, concisely hands over her arguments to Farley. What a relief for the Sharecroppers!

Maggie, twirling her permanent in corkscrews and tight little knots, contributes her lily-white hands to the Miss Chatham Halls of the future.

Alice, cocking her head pertly to one side, enthusiastically presents her coy pouts to the blasé Junior Class. There are quite enough to go around.

Belle, with her voice faltering ever so slightly, sacrifices her self-portraits to Bunny Mallory in hopes that they will be too much for the madonnas.

Molly gallops away, pausing only long enough to yield her stealthy sleep-walking to Mr. Duncan. Now he can kill two birds with one stone.

Bobbie Brown is blasted into surprised hysteria as Emil-Clem, with a benign sweep of her arms, flings that well-known *savoir faire* in her direction.

Stew, with sweet domesticity, leaves her fragrant flowers to Ferdinand.

Hopey, before going strenuously into her dance, delivers (with Christmas wrappings, please) her restrained coiffure to Sue Allen.

Tuna, reclining at ease, arches a languid eyebrow, and tosses her boundless energy to Alice Stimson, who catches it on the run.

Evie gives a preliminary shudder, wrinkles up her nose, and hurls her boisterous sneeze at Helen Montgomery, who is completely overcome by its sheer velocity.

Flo grandiloquently wills her abundant locks to Pruden's shining dome and adds with subtle humor, "I could grow hair on a billiard ball." Pandemonium.

Just to keep it in the family, Fergie, with one last leap, leaves her famous jeeping to Jeff. With pigeon-toes it would be perfect!

Pat tangos backwards down hall and confides to Huffard that she has bestowed upon her a large keg of dynamite to liven the already oppressive silence of Pruden.

Julie, nonchalantly stepping through her arms, bumps into Helen Wolcott and impulsively presents her with her torrid hula. It may take a little time, Helen!

Sprago, found nervously humming, "I could say bella bella," merely looks statuesque for a moment, and then gives her warbling voice to Child Hagner.

As one roommate to another, Oie leaves her coolness to Judy, in the effort to make her influence last for another year.

Herron, rushing out in her slip, pained, shocked, surprised, and at the same time deeply grieved, says, "I leave you Sweetums—forever, I hope," and dashes back again.

Dorry relapses into secretive silence as, with a final fillip, she ties up a neat white package labeled "to be taken in small doses by the history classes to come." Handle with care—it's her precious eloquence.



## . . . THE CHATHAMITE

Alice Jaques, a frenzied film fan, even goes so far as to surrender her dimples to Dr. Pruden's portrait, suffering from the illusion that he might look like Shirley Temple.

Hollister yawns sleepily and at 3 a. m. abandons her grand-slam hand to Marcia Williams, who, we hope, won't trump her partner's ace.

Marie, with the broadest of Ipana smiles, charitably gives her sturdy teeth to Marion Lowry, who will now go to Danville for jawbreakers, not dentists.

Overcome with sisterly affection, Peggy Ward blesses the Dance Committee with the permanent present of her brother. You certainly wouldn't call him a blind.

Fishie struggles to remove her feet from under the chair, sighs, and leaves her delicate pallor to Kelly Houk, who reciprocates by wasting away to a mere ton.

Sheila, with a magnificent gesture, intrusts Bermuda to the Osborns, to be taken as, and when desired. Only just don't swallow it whole, Ozzies!

Pollie pleads, "Just don't wear blotters in your shoes, girls," and leaves to Bunny Clapp her genius for carrying fainting Chathamites from church.

Carol, dropping her queenly grace with a strident shout, violently thrusts her reserve upon unsuspecting Ann Reinicke who collapses.

Bridget rises defiantly and faces her audience. (Loud laughter.) But blushing a final purple, she announces, "I leave to my successor a deficit of five cents—you can't have everything."

Ginny, with a sigh of relief, bequeaths her musicianship to Roxanne, in hopes that Sara, Miss Nicholson, and the Tafatefes will get along better next year. With this weight off her shoulders, she is minus ten pounds.

Mary Jane throws back her shoulders and takes a deep breath. "Mary Buchanan," she hoarsely whispers, "I decorate you with my military stance." Tar-ant-tar-ah!

Bebe sighs softly and puckers her brow, as she leaves her omnipresence to Anne Wood.

Burbling maliciously, Ligget screws up her piquant face and bestows her helpless femininity on Joannie Wyeth. Whee!

Bunny Brundred, harassed again, ponderously transfers to Mary Morehead her manifold worries. What, no more of little Mary Sunshine?

Cunny magnificently intrusts her Asheville connections to Judy Gray—now, she can drop her military friends.

Lydia, in the midst of a lengthy tale, decides she couldn't bear to part with her laugh, but leaves its hollow echo to keep the painter's ghost company in his midnight wanderings in Pruden.

With these our last bequests, which we hope will be fully and completely appreciated, we hereby mournfully depart from the exalted state of Seniorhood.



# THE CHATHAMITE . . .

## SENIOR CLASS PROPHECY

June 15, 1945.

DEAR JEAN,

Consider me floored. I never knew I could claim friendship with so many friends—that is, until I bumped into practically the whole Senior class of dear old Chatham last week at the World's Fair in Pittsburgh! (I being the fiftieth member of said venerable class.)

In case you don't know, I, Louise Herron, rising into the realms of the élite, was rewarded for that Gashouse murder coup by being assigned to cover the Fair for the "News." So, burning with suppressed ardor, I bade goodbye to Charlottesville and tripped up to the North.

Two days isn't much in which to get all the dirt on a world affair like that, so I had to make a bee-line to all the high spots. But at every turn I found myself distinctly distracted by my Chatham friends!

It all started when I got through the main entrance to the Fair. A torrent of fluid eloquence pierced the feeble murmurs of the rabble around me; irresistibly attracted to its source, I found Louise Dorrance doing her stuff as Head Guide of the Fair! Dorrie quickly pulled me under her wing and offered to show me all the sights *gratis*. I, not being one to repel such a tempting offer, promptly acquiesced, and off we shoved.

Climbing the Sure-Sight Tower, to get a peep at the general layout, I heard a strangely familiar cough above us. Reaching the top I peered around. Yes! There was Mary Sprague, who has just hooked, as you know, Sweden's most eligible Assorted Boxes King. Languidly examining the Fair through a lorgnette, Sprague sighed, "I tank I don't go home!"

Dorrie thought that we should take the bitter before the sweet: the bitter taking the form of the Science Exhibition. Entering this palatial structure we were confronted by a poster, which read, "Come one, come all, to the Lecture Room where Dr. Olivia Thorn-dike, Boy Scout leader, is clarifying the ultra-violet ray!"

Refraining from attending this illuminating lecture, we turned to the Research Department, where I caught a glimpse of Bridget, busy cataloguing bacteria. She had just come across her ninety-eighth pair of twins, and was wondering whether to call them "O" and "Hio" or "Hio" and "O." Farther on, Peggy Ward, the human guinea pig, was sitting patiently, changing color rapidly as powders of various hues were poured down her.

In the display room of the latest patented inventions, among the "hair-do" inventions, was the "flowering bobby," which, when placed in the hair, mysteriously bursts into flower! Also among the inventions was an enormous de-caloried lollypop, labeled "Suck a Six-Day Sucker and get thin!" the brain child of Miss Witherow, President of the Reduce-Right-Away Club for problem children.

The Plastic Surgery Room looked interesting; peeking in, I discovered Louise Ligget demonstrating in person her new and superior "chin-suppressor."

Overwhelmed by this display of scientific genius, I begged Dorrie to lead me out. She suggested a nice quiet look around the Zoo! Somewhat dubiously I assented, and was



## . . . THE CHATHAMITE

rewarded for my valor by the touching spectacle of Alice Cocke's playing around with her teddy bears.

Just as we were leaving, a stretcher approached, bearing Sheila Clark, who had lost her girlish bloom, and was now but a lying shadow of her former self. Sheila, Dorrie informed me, had suffered a complete collapse after putting Shawan and herself through Nevada Teachers' College. Among the bevy of nurses in Sheila's wake was Flo Wardwell! Flo, inspired by her essay, set out to be the nation's nurse, but so far she has had to pay people to be her patients.

Leaving the Zoo, we zipped to the Domestic Art Building, where we beheld Ginger Vinnedge graciously accepting the prize for the gooiest huckleberry jam, 'midst the clamors of her numerous brood. In the next room the Knitting Marathon was going on. Deering was way ahead, having just finished the toe on her thousand and first bedsock, but was still going strong when we left her.

This being Pittsburgh, I thought we really ought to go to see the Model Mine Village. Whom should we bump into there but Frannie Colville! Emerging black but victorious from the regions below, she was leading with great *savoir faire* a delegation of miners, sent to learn the latest dope on how to enter a mine with studied indifference. Swaying high over the village was a large poster of a lovely pink and white girl—Dolly Berkeley, of course! The poster was captioned "The Miner's Mascot, Or Our Ideal Of The Perfect Woman"!

The strains of "Yes, We Have No Benny Goodman Today" caught our ears; looking around we saw what looked like Fergy, peering over mountains of records in her "Fair and Fairer Music Shop." She urged us to buy "Minnie The Moocher" done in a classical mood, the latest number put out by the World's Fair Symphony Orchestra. In it she pointed out the restrained variations of Emily Griffin, who plays on the comb in the Orchestra.

The Marine Exhibit seemed to be the suitable place to go next. I was just about to dub this the fair's biggest bore, when I remembered that Lydia Cobb *must* be here. Yes, there she was, managing with great gusto the toy sailboats featuring knee-action sails! On the way out we were mowed down by an onrushing horde of females in white pinafores. Coming up for air, I saw Hollister bringing up their rear. "That," snorted Dorrie, rubbing a bruised eyebrow, "is the Home for Wayward Girls, of which Alice is the Matron, out on their usual holiday jaunt."

Gathering our pieces together, we pushed on to the Progress of the Dance Building. As we were going up in the elevator, the fumes of some species of perfume took possession of the air and practically made me swoon. I traced their source to a slinky siren who had her nose so far up in the air that she was probably out of reach of her odoriferous appendage. When Dorrie identified her as "L'Amour L'Amour," the former Emily Clemons, on her way to Hollywood from Paris, I really did pass out.

Recovering, I was able to clap as Hope Rogers led the "Big Apple," peculiar to 1937, and Molly Hays stood in for the "Waltzing Pony," a chance she had been waiting for all year.

Complaining of mental over-taxation, I begged Dorrie to take me to the Amusement Park. Relaxing on the roller coaster, I felt a "hello" fan my ears, and caught a glimpse



## THE CHATHAMITE . . .

of Carol Murray disappearing over a neighboring slope. Carol, passing on to bigger and better things, was dubbed this year's "Miss World's Fair," winning over Alice Cocke, "Miss Virginia," a close second.

We were drifting in the boats in the "Mill" when there flashed through the darkness an unmistakable set of teeth—Eedee Porter's! In passing she whispered, "I just caught my lucky Star!"

That night Dorrie hired two escorts (very nice ones) who dragged us around town, ending up at the "Carefully Calm Cabaret." As we entered the place a malicious-looking figure loomed up out of the darkness, twirling his mustache with an ominous sneer. "Oh, don't be afraid of that," said Dorrie. "That's just Steve the Bouncer, Rosie Stephenson to you."

The floor-show was on a lie-down strike, but Mlle. Jacques consented to leave her bed long enough to toe-dance for us. Alice has given up tap-dancing because her arches fell.

During dinner a dark-visaged person, engrossed in reading "The Secrets of Sleuthing," caught my attention. She turned out to be Tuna Holt, Secret Service Agent No. 13, who had traced her man to the Fair. He is a dangerous character; he collects the corner stones from buildings, leaving a trail of collapsed edifices behind him!

"Call for Phillip Morris," sounded in my ear. There was Dena Wright, all tricked out in a costume, a second Johnny!

Bed was the next thing that called, but up I bounced with the sun the next morn, and Dorrie and I continued our tour. In the Art Exhibit I beheld a whole room given over to the superrealistic inside-out clocks of Sarah Choate, who reacted thus when the effects of Mrs. McKnight's strict training wore off. In the next room was a series of rather fuzzy animal paintings. Inquiry yielded the fact that Belle Franklin had trained her pets to do portraits of themselves, finding that it saved time in the long run!

Standing before a portrait by Rembrandt, I saw Julie Foraker. Rushing up to her I was greeted with an incoherent babble: "You're going to have eight sextuplets, ingrown toenails, and die of hiccoughs!" I deduced that the poor girl had gone mad trying to be the life of the party by telling fortunes.

On the way to the Department for Lost and Strayed Children, run by Pollie Winslow, I beheld on a soap box Freddie Berger, energetically selling "Zip-it," the medicine with a zipper, to innocent bystanders. At the Department we searched in vain for Pollie under the piles of errant children, but found instead Pat O'Brian, devilishly scaring the poor children with her unique way of reciting *Goldilocks* and other fairy tales.

Out in the street I nearly collided with a great swarm of people, running somewhere frantically. "Don't be alarmed," explained Dorrie. "That's not a revolution. They're just the tennis fans, trying to get tickets to watch Marie Hulburd, Von Cramm, Ruth Cunningham, and Donald Budge play!"

We passed the Colonial Mansion. Sitting on the piazza was Caroline Boxley, crisply summerish in a white crinoline, with her hair demurely coiled in ringlets, dealing out tickets with unruffled charm.

Nearby was an impressive tomb, surrounded by sentinels. Inside, a glass coffin revealed, Snow-White fashion, the recumbent form of a young maiden. Horrified, I learned that it was Sally Snowden! Campaigning for the sharecroppers, Sally was killed by Bebe



## . . . THE CHATHAMITE

Chandler, a Red unionist. This incited the Cropper-Communist War, resulting in the annihilation of all parties concerned.

Upon leaving this House of the Dead, I heard a piercing cry: "Ten dollars a gallon; quart and half-pint sizes also!" And there was Woozy Brown, selling ten-gallon hats!

Feeling bookish, we walked into the Literary Display Building. A book caught our eye: *Fluffy-Wuffy and His Palsy-Walsies*, by Jeff Fuller. Jeff, who tried her hand at philosophy, psychology, and entomology, finally gave up and now writes bedtime stories.

Plowing through mountains of weighty tomes and volumes, I finally found a copy of 1945's version of *Life*. Flipping over the pages, I was suddenly struck by the sight of a familiar face peering up at me from an advertisement. The caption read: "'I too feed my children Crackle-Wackle Cereal,' says socially prominent Mrs. Van Plush, the former Marguerite Hillman." Maggie—of course!

Hearing a deep sigh, I looked up and saw Joan Morgan struggling with a complicated mechanism. Joan had just taken an action picture of me reading, only to find that the camera was set for "time exposure"!

Leaving her still surrounded by bulbs and lenses, I gathered up Dorrie and pushed on to the History of the Drama Building, our last stop. A revival of *Uncle Tom's Cabin* was going on, in which Evie Mills had the part of little Eva. And it was here that I ran into the notorious Mary Jane Hart, surrounded by men. Mary Jane, regretting her former views on life, now runs a model salon!

But the time had come, as times will, when it behooved me to leave the Fair and Chatham. On the way to the station, I noticed a pathetic figure, frantically climbing a tree. It turned out to be Claire Streeter, hiding from the mob of autograph fiends who love her for her celebrated, though much belated, review on *Dere Mabel*!

Bidding Dorrie a fond farewell and showering her with thanks, I just had time to grab a Tootsie Roll and catch the Southern Special. Sinking down exhausted into what I thought was my seat, I heard a faint squeal and discovered myself on top of Mme. Bunné Brundré! Mme. Brundré was taking a vacation from designing bathing caps for the sub-debs who patronize the Fair pool.

Pushing her aside I once more sank down and immersed myself in the newspaper. Suddenly I started. On the pink sheet, written in blazing headlines, was the following news item: "Phyllis Cook, Alias 'the Fish,' Hauled into Court on Blackmail Charge. Pleads Not Guilty." That, as you may gather, was why I hadn't come across Fishie's smiling face at the Fair!

But my editor is foaming at the mouth over yonder; duty calls; and I must take leave of you, that is if you were able to survive this lengthy epistle.

Love,

*Louise Herron* —

(Reporter for the Charlottesville News)



# THE CHATHAMITE . . .

## YOU'RE ON PARADE

| NAME                | WHERE FOUND                  | PET ABOMINATION              | WHAT YOU ASPIRE TO BE         | WHAT YOU ARE                     |
|---------------------|------------------------------|------------------------------|-------------------------------|----------------------------------|
| Berger, "Freddie"   | Warbling                     | Profile                      | Radical                       | A natural                        |
| Berkeley, "Dolly"   | With Evie                    | Eating beetles               | The aim of a Doctor's Odyssey | Depressingly attractive          |
| Boxley, Caroline    | In Best's best               | Southern belles              | Nobody knows                  | Well-groomed                     |
| Bridge, "Bridget"   | Making 1938 the best ever    | Conceited men                | Tight-rope walker             | Oh! Ohio!                        |
| Brown, "Woody"      | Drawing beasties             | Gushing                      | Inscrutable                   | "Wild Nell, Pet of the Prairies" |
| Brundred, "Bunny"   | Penning epistles             | Snoopers                     | A clothes-designer            | Sincere                          |
| Chandler, "Bebe"    | In the striped bathrobe      | Insomnia                     | Different                     | Anxious                          |
| Choate, "Sadie"     | Avoiding CHATHAMITE meetings | Pettiness                    | Efficient                     | Idealist                         |
| Clark, Sheila       | Riding Shawan                | Rising bell                  | Exotic                        | Full of vitamins                 |
| Clemons, "Emel"     | Bouncing                     | Holding hands                | Femmy-fatally                 | Inexhaustible                    |
| Cobb, "Lyd"         | In Pollie's room             | Laundry slips                | A raconteuse                  | A farmer's daughter              |
| Cocke, "Cocky"      | Making a racket              | Noise                        | A Virginia teddy-bear         | Cute                             |
| Colville, "Frannie" | Accompanied by chemistry     | Rice pudding                 | A pest exterminator           | Girl Scout                       |
| Cook, "Fish"        | Painting scenery             | <i>The American Observer</i> | Queer                         | Artlessly artful                 |
| Deering, "Deery"    | Unknitting                   | Nudging                      | Independent                   | Easily excited                   |
| Dorrance, "Dorrie"  | Getting somewhere            | Boiled eggs                  | Tactful                       | Talkative                        |



. . . THE CHATHAMITE

YOU'RE ON PARADE

| NAME               | WHERE FOUND                           | PET ABOMINATION        | WHAT YOU ASPIRE TO BE  | WHAT YOU ARE           |
|--------------------|---------------------------------------|------------------------|------------------------|------------------------|
| Ferguson, "Fergie" | Toeing in                             | Empty mailbox          | Self-controlled        | Gullible               |
| Foraker, "Julie"   | In a new coiffure                     | Walking in the rain    | Willowy                | Double-jointed         |
| Franklin, Belle    | Doing a Dietrich                      | Bugs                   | An artist              | In-and-out of love     |
| Fuller, "Jeff"     | Discussing life                       | Big feet               | A sophisticated matron | Statuesque             |
| Griffin, "Em"      | Composing                             | Rubioff and his violin | Worldly                | Incomprehensible       |
| Hart, Mary Jane    | Doodling                              | Broad penpoints        | Graceful               | Different              |
| Hays, "Molly"      | Toeing out                            | Noise                  | A Jockey               | Stubborn               |
| Herron, "Herron"   | Behind a White Flag                   | Sweetums               | Dainty                 | Strong and silent      |
| Hillman, "Maggie"  | Discussing Princeton with the Osborns | Pulling cotton         | A landscape gardener   | Attractive             |
| Hollister, "Holl"  | Stringing the faculty                 | Monotony               | Conventional           | S. S. & G.             |
| Holt, "Tuna"       | Setting her eyebrows                  | Time Marches On        | A dizzy blonde         | A Latin from Manhattan |
| Hulburd, Marie     | Wielding a Mercer-Beaseley            | Virginia mud           | Married                | An aristocrat          |
| Jaques, Alice      | Scouting for talent                   | Big cats               | Cosmopolitan           | A Boston Bean          |
| Ligget, "Ligget"   | Singing before an open window         | Chins                  | Diplomat's wife        | Basso profundo         |
| Mills, "Evie"      | Shadowed                              | Lorna Doons            | Pensive nun            | Elusive                |
| Morgan, "Joanie"   | Twirling her hair                     | Tuesday compositions   | Tactful                | A Sun Valley fiend     |



# THE CHATHAMITE . . .

## YOU'RE ON PARADE

| NAME                 | WHERE FOUND              | PET ABOMINATION          | WHAT YOU ASPIRE TO BE                            | WHAT YOU ARE                 |
|----------------------|--------------------------|--------------------------|--------------------------------------------------|------------------------------|
| Murray, "Carol"      | Doling out apples        | Milk                     | Energetic                                        | Appealing                    |
| O'Brian, "Pat"       | Clowning                 | Happy morning faces      | First woman to go over Niagara Falls in a barrel | A horse of a different color |
| Porter, "Eedee"      | Relaxing                 | Hollister's habits       | Secretary of Lonely Hearts' Club                 | Good-natured                 |
| Roberts, "Steve"     | In hall clothes closet   | Fairy tales              | A gun moll                                       | A Bishop's daughter          |
| Rogers, Hope         | Reading "Yellow Jackets" | Being pushed             | Happy                                            | Class baby                   |
| Snowden, "Sally"     | Beaming                  | Arguing                  | A Vassarite                                      | The girl from Arkansas       |
| Sprague, "Sprago"    | Champing at the bit      | That brown dish          | A drum majorette                                 | Distinguée                   |
| Stephenson, "Stevie" | Raising a mental eyebrow | Gondólas                 | A bouncer                                        | Rosy                         |
| Stewart, "Stewart"   | Cheering Chatham         | Mess                     | A horticulturist                                 | Domestic                     |
| Streeter, "Mousey"   | Peering                  | Ginny's side of the room | Tall and sophisticated                           | Playfully sarcastic          |
| Thorndike, "Oie"     | Talking tough            | "Oh, Fudge!"             | Definite                                         | Misleading                   |
| Vinnedge, "Ginger"   | Holding that Tiger       | Getting fat              | Forever seventeen                                | Photogenic                   |
| Ward, "Peggy"        | Airing her views         | Gushy people             | A sylph                                          | Blithe and debonair          |
| Wardwell, "Flo"      | Putting up a good front  | Swing                    | A trained nurse                                  | Tractable                    |
| Winslow, "Pollie"    | Usually seen             | Bootery                  | Mother of a nation                               | The helmsman                 |
| Witherow, "Ginnie"   | Witherdrawers            | Spiders                  | Skinny                                           | Staid                        |
| Wright, "Dena"       | Handstanding             | Screaming females        | All in one place at the same time                | Piquant                      |



# . . . THE CHATHAMITE

## SENIOR ELECTIONS

|                                            |                                  |
|--------------------------------------------|----------------------------------|
| <i>Who has done most for Chatham</i> ..... | Pollie Winslow                   |
| <i>Who has done most for class</i> .....   | Claire Streeter                  |
| <i>Most popular with students</i> .....    | Evie Mills                       |
| <i>Most popular with faculty</i> .....     | Julia Foraker                    |
| <i>Best looking</i> .....                  | Mary Sprague                     |
| <i>Best dressed</i> .....                  | Caroline Boxley                  |
| <i>Best figure</i> .....                   | Belle Franklin                   |
| <i>Cutest</i> .....                        | Adena Wright                     |
| <i>Neatest</i> .....                       | Caroline Boxley                  |
| <i>Brainiest</i> .....                     | Julia Foraker                    |
| <i>Most conscientious</i> .....            | Pollie Winslow                   |
| <i>Pluckiest</i> .....                     | Helen Roberts                    |
| <i>Most argumentative</i> .....            | Sally Snowden                    |
| <i>Most startling</i> .....                | Mary Jane Hart                   |
| <i>Most excitable</i> .....                | Anne Deering                     |
| <i>Most thoughtful</i> .....               | Carol Murray                     |
| <i>Most energetic</i> .....                | Helen Stephenson                 |
| <i>Most stubborn</i> .....                 | Molly Hays                       |
| <i>Most sophisticated</i> .....            | Jean Fuller                      |
| <i>Biggest loafer</i> .....                | Margaret Holt                    |
| <i>Noisiest</i> .....                      | Alice Hollister                  |
| <i>Wittiest</i> .....                      | Pat O'Brian                      |
| <i>Most tactful</i> .....                  | Phyllis Cook                     |
| <i>Most unselfish</i> .....                | Carol Murray                     |
| <i>Most original</i> .....                 | Mary Jane Hart                   |
| <i>Most optimistic</i> .....               | Sally Snowden                    |
| <i>Most pessimistic</i> .....              | Almost Everyone                  |
| <i>Worst punster</i> .....                 | Louisa Bridge                    |
| <i>Most happy-go-lucky</i> .....           | Sally Snowden                    |
| <i>Most comical</i> .....                  | Pat O'Brian                      |
| <i>Most versatile</i> .....                | Julia Foraker                    |
| <i>Prettiest speaking voice</i> .....      | Louise Ligget                    |
| <i>Best actress</i> .....                  | Pat O'Brian                      |
| <i>Best singers</i> .....                  | { Dolly Berkeley<br>Mary Sprague |
| <i>Most artistic</i> .....                 | Belle Franklin                   |
| <i>Best rider</i> .....                    | Molly Hays                       |
| <i>Best dancer</i> .....                   | Julia Foraker                    |
| <i>Best athlete</i> .....                  | Ruth Cunningham                  |
| <i>Biggest man-hater</i> .....             | Mary Jane Hart                   |
| <i>First to get married</i> .....          | Belle Franklin                   |



# THE CHATHAMITE . . .

## FAVORITE SAYINGS OF THE FACULTY

Miss Hensleigh: "I expect maybe so."

Miss Bossort: "Alors la cloche a sonné."

Mrs. Bray: "I cannot compete with the rustling of papers."

Miss Johnson: "Has the second bell rung?"

Miss Downing: "Gleeps!"

Miss Linière: "Are you trying to be funny?"

Miss Frost: "Will my English I please bring their grammar books to class!" (Clearly enunciated.)

Miss Amy Williams: "I'll welcome any suggestions."

Mrs. McKnight: "Compositionally this falls down completely."

Mrs. Poague: "Stop that yelling!"

Miss Sims: "What's the matter?"

Mrs. Bowman: "This is just a suggestion."

Miss Libby Williams: "Try running—it's a lot of fun."

Miss Holt: "Just a few more 'dont's'."

Miss Stewart: "If I didn't know better, I'd think you were freshmen."

Miss Andrus: "Perfectly delightful!"

Miss Laura Williams: "Excuse me for not beginning my salad sooner."

Miss Thomson: "Good food." (*oo in food as oo in good.*)

Miss Marshall: "Excuse me for being late, yo'all! Tee-hee!"

Mrs. Felts: A bow and a smile.

Miss Turner: "Now, at Hollins . . ."

Mrs. Williams: "Don't forget to look at the label."

Mrs. Lee: "Edmund, don't you think . . . ?"

Dr. Lee: "The nicest part of going away is coming back."







# THE CHATHAMITE



## JUNIOR CLASS

### OFFICERS

|                      |                             |
|----------------------|-----------------------------|
| President .....      | MARCIA WILLIAMS             |
| Vice-President ..... | LEE THACHER                 |
| Sponsor .....        | MISS LAURA GILBERT WILLIAMS |

### MEMBERS

Barbara Briggs  
 Peggy Campbell  
 Mary Buchanan Carothers  
 Ann Cassidy  
 Ellen Chidsey  
 Clara Clapp  
 Helen Daniel  
 Nancy Dennis  
 Peggy Dunham  
 Elizabeth Evans  
 Margaret Finney  
 Frances Garfield  
 Anne Grant  
 Marguerite Gray  
 Frances Grimball

Sara Hastie  
 Frances Hathaway  
 Peggy Houghteling  
 Katherine Houk  
 Elsie Hyde  
 Elizabeth Lasell  
 Katharine Lasell  
 Marion Lowry  
 Barbara McGiffert  
 Mary McLean McKissick  
 Barbara Mallory  
 Mary Mitchell  
 Helen Montgomery  
 Anne Osborn  
 Mary Osborn

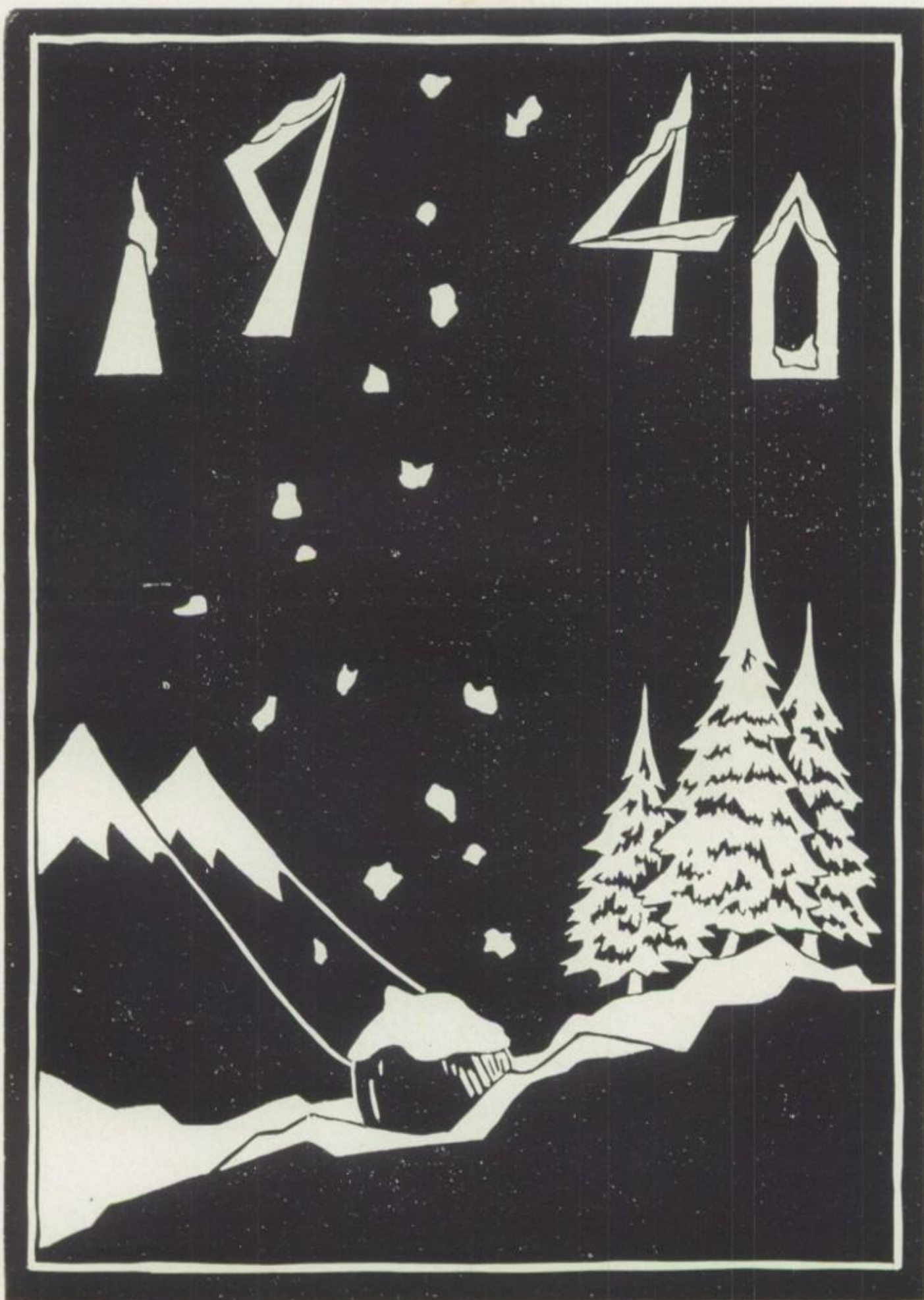
Harriet Pullen  
 Joan Reid  
 Anne Rose  
 Elizabeth Schaff  
 Effie Siegling  
 Sally Smith  
 Teresita Sparre  
 Mary Washington Speer  
 Anne Steffey  
 Louise Stillwell  
 Elizabeth Stokes  
 Marion Sutphen  
 Betty Wiedersheim  
 Nell Williams  
 Joan Wyeth

Dear Stu,

Waint we had fun this year!  
 I know that we crammed each other  
 through the biology in fine style! Really give  
 me a hand in my life. I hope we  
 can all call other  
 next year when you  
 at home. Love  
 to the

Transf Stu:  
 We have had such a  
 swell time together and it  
 makes me sick to think of our  
 parting to morrow. Please don't  
 forget me cause I like you so  
 much and I won't forget you.  
 Love always dear,  
 Jackie







Hi  
 It's me  
 the sophomore  
 drawback you don't  
 remember me  
 you blacked  
 out  
 the good  
 day

# THE CHATHAMITE . . .



## SOPHOMORE CLASS

### OFFICERS

President .....DORINDA PELL  
 Treasurer .....SPENCER KIMBALL  
 Sponsor .....MRS. MCKNIGHT

### MEMBERS

|                  |                  |                        |
|------------------|------------------|------------------------|
| Sue Allen        | Carolyn Jewett   | Peggy Orr              |
| Eleanor Benson   | Barbara Johnson  | Ethel Randolph         |
| Nancy Blackford  | Eleanor Kelly    | Ann Reinicke           |
| Barbara Bosworth | Sally Lawrence   | Phoebe Spilman         |
| Barbara Brown    | Sally Linen      | Alice Stimson          |
| Jean Campbell    | Eugenia Lovett   | Joy Van Tine           |
| Frances Cauchois | Elsapie McClure  | Mary Parrish Viccellio |
| Molly Cheney     | Anne Meigs       | Farley Walton          |
| Janet Dutcher    | Mary Morehead    | Mary Wilmer            |
| Jeffrey Ferguson | Charlotte Morris | Anne Wood              |
| Bella Hagner     | Alice Murray     | Anne Baker Woods       |
| Bettie Huffard   | Lorraine Oldham  | Lanie Wright           |







Dear Stew -  
 I can't think  
 except when I  
 write on pink paper  
 so love + luck  
 Betsy

# THE CHATHAMITE . . .



## FRESHMAN CLASS

### OFFICERS

President ..... NANCY KENT

Vice-President ..... BETSY PERKINS

Sponsor ..... MISS ELIZABETH WILLIAMS

### MEMBERS

Cornelia Allen  
 Joan Brewer  
 Wynanda Bulkley  
 Patricia Devoe  
 Charlotte Griggs  
 Betsy Harris

Caroline Manning  
 Penelope Perkins  
 Dale Rollins  
 Helen Stuart  
 Anne Katherine Viccellio  
 Stuart Williamson

Helen Wolcott







## THE CHATHAMITE . . .



### THE STUDENT COUNCIL

The group of capable and understanding girls who make up the Student Council is the guiding influence in our everyday school life. It encourages that spirit of friendliness and coöperation between the student body and the faculty which is such an essential characteristic of Chatham Hall. Under the leadership of Pollie Winslow, the Council has aided immeasurably in advancing the good-will and helpful attitude which have made this year so successful. It maintains the highest standards of loyalty, honor, and discipline.

#### OFFICERS

|                             |                |
|-----------------------------|----------------|
| <i>President</i> .....      | POLLIE WINSLOW |
| <i>Vice-President</i> ..... | LOUISE HERRON  |
| <i>Sponsor</i> .....        | MISS HOLT      |

#### MEMBERS

|                   |               |
|-------------------|---------------|
| Phyllis Cook      | Molly Hays    |
| Louise Dorrance   | Alice Jaques  |
| Julia Foraker     | Louise Ligget |
| Virginia Witherow |               |





## THE SERVICE LEAGUE

The importance of the Service League is tremendous: it provides an organized system in which every girl has a chance to help others, and at the same time gain valuable experience and widening interests. Many fascinating lectures have been sponsored by the individual groups of the Service League. The organization is divided into the following departments: Social Outlook (to assist in local charity work), under Evie Mills, with Miss Hensleigh as sponsor; the Race Relations (to gain understanding and sympathy for the races of the world), with Helen Stephenson as its chairman, and Miss Holt as sponsor; the World Outlook (to increase our familiarity with international affairs), with Belle Franklin as chairman, and Mrs. Lee as sponsor; School Life, which manages all our social activities, parties, picnics, Thanksgiving and Christmas baskets, and dances, under the direction of Alice Hollister and Mrs. Brush; and the Devotional Department, which takes charge of our chapel, under the supervision of Mrs. Poague and Miss Thomson, with Louise Dorrance as chairman.

### OFFICERS

|                        |               |
|------------------------|---------------|
| <i>President</i> ..... | LOUISE LIGGET |
| <i>Secretary</i> ..... | CAROL MURRAY  |
| <i>Treasurer</i> ..... | LOUISA BRIDGE |
| <i>Sponsor</i> .....   | MRS. LEE      |



## THE CHATHAMITE . . .



### C. A. C.

The members of the Chatham Athletic Council are chosen for their coöperation, responsibility, sportsmanship, athletic ability, and leadership. They have proved themselves a vital part of our athletic program in their helpfulness to Miss Amy and Miss Libby Williams on the athletic field, at the pool, or on the golf course. Their enthusiasm and ability set the pace for the athletic progress of the entire school.

#### OFFICERS

*President* ..... HELEN STEPHENSON

*Sponsors* ..... { MISS AMY WILLIAMS  
MISS ELIZABETH WILLIAMS

#### MEMBERS

Ruth Cunningham  
Belle Franklin  
Molly Hays  
Louise Herron

Alice Hollister  
Elsie Hyde  
Jean Stewart  
Florence Wardwell





## THE BIT AND SPUR CLUB

The growing enthusiasm and interest in riding at Chatham Hall is due largely to the members of the Bit and Spur Club. The club is composed of a small group of girls, chosen not only for their ability, but also for their sportsmanship and helpful attitude. With Ginny Witherow at its head, it has carried on the riding traditions of the school, presenting a gymkhana in the fall, the May Day drill and tournament, and the final Horse Show. Beginners as well as advanced riders are advised and helped along by the riding club in coöperation with the Brushes and Ginny Downing.

### OFFICERS

|                                      |                   |
|--------------------------------------|-------------------|
| <i>President</i> .....               | VIRGINIA WITHEROW |
| <i>Vice-President</i> .....          | MOLLY HAYS        |
| <i>Secretary and Treasurer</i> ..... | SHEILA CLARK      |
| <i>Sponsor</i> .....                 | MR. BRUSH         |
| <i>Assistant</i> .....               | MISS DOWNING      |
| <i>Honorary Member</i> .....         | MRS. BRUSH        |

### MEMBERS

Mary Buchanan Carothers  
Nancy Dennis  
Mary Ferguson  
Alice Hollister  
Margaret Holt

Spencer Kimball  
Mary McLean McKissick  
Carol Murray  
Elizabeth Stokes  
Mary Wilmer



## THE CHATHAMITE . . .



### THE SHERWOOD DRAMATIC CLUB

One of the most interesting and productive organizations in the school is the Sherwood Dramatic Club. The achievements of the club include much more than mere acting experience. Students are encouraged in individual interpretation; costumes, make-up, stage sets, and lighting are carefully planned and carried out by the Dramatic Association, which is an essential part of the Club. Miss Frost's expert coaching and attention to detail have resulted in many unusual and finished productions. Pat O'Brian, the capable, efficient President, has kept the organization running smoothly, and has been invaluable in the general supervision and direction of plays. The range of plays has been great: there was tragedy in *Riders to the Sea*, touching sadness in *The Old Lady Shows Her Medals*, and uproarious comedy in *The Proposal*.

#### OFFICERS

*President* .....PATRICIA O'BRIAN

*Secretary and Treasurer*.....MARCIA WILLIAMS

*Sponsor* .....MISS FROST



. . . THE CHATHAMITE

MEMBERS OF ACTING DRAMATIC CLUB

|                 |                   |                   |
|-----------------|-------------------|-------------------|
| Sue Allen       | Margaret Finney   | Joan Reid         |
| Barbara Briggs  | Marguerite Gray   | Ann Reinicke      |
| Mary Carothers  | Mary Jane Hart    | Mary Sprague      |
| Ruth Cunningham | Louise Ligget     | Virginia Vinnedge |
| Patricia Devoe  | Barbara Mallory   | Marcia Williams   |
| Louise Dorrance | Barbara McGiffert | Pollie Winslow    |
| Janet Dutcher   | Evelyn Mills      | Anne Woods        |
| Julia Foraker   | Edith Porter      | Adena Wright      |

MEMBERS OF THE DRAMATIC ASSOCIATION

| <i>Costumes</i>  | <i>Stage Sets</i>     | <i>Make-Up</i>  |
|------------------|-----------------------|-----------------|
| Jean Brundred    | Jean Stewart          | Jean Fuller     |
| Freddie Berger   | Harriet Chandler      | Sarah Choate    |
| Caroline Boxley  | Sheila Clark          | Phyllis Cook    |
| Peggy Campbell   | Mary McLean McKissick | Helen Daniel    |
| Lydia Cobb       | Dale Rollins          | Peggy Orr       |
| Lee Thacher      | Florence Wardwell     | Betsy Perkins   |
| Louise Stillwell |                       | Elinor Williams |

*Stage Managers*

Sara Snowden  
Emily Clemons  
Frances Colville  
Nancy Dennis  
Elsie Hyde  
Spencer Kimball  
Alice Murray  
Elizabeth Stokes  
Olivia Thorndike

*Prompters*

Joan Brewer  
Caroline Manning  
Mary Mitchell  
Hope Rogers  
Peggy Ward  
Helen Wolcott

*Publicity*

Alice Jaques  
Marguerite Hillman  
Margaret Holt  
Joan Morgan



# THE CHATHAMITE . . .



*You're lucky  
to graduate. I hope  
I'll be too.  
(No hard feelings)  
Stuffy Stimson*

## THE CHOIR

The inspiring guidance of Miss Andrus continues to increase the importance and significance of the Choir each year. Its contribution to the school is a very beautiful one. The Christmas Pageant is made complete by its carol singing; the night before Christmas vacation its members sing again the lovely hymns through the halls of Dabney and Pruden. The Choir has also helped Miss Andrus teach new hymns and anthems to the school at evening Vespers.

### MEMBERS OF THE CHOIR

Sue Allen  
Dolly Berkeley  
Nancy Blackford  
Barbara Bosworth  
Barbara Brown  
Anne Deering  
Nancy Dennis  
Elizabeth Evans  
Emily Griffin  
Frances Hathaway  
Louise Herron  
Alice Jaques  
Louise Ligget

Sally Linen  
Barbara Mallory  
Evelyn Mills  
Dorinda Pell  
Edith Porter  
Elizabeth Schaff  
Effie Siegling  
Mary Sprague  
Teresita Sparre  
Alice Stimson  
Olivia Thorndike  
Adena Wright  
Joan Wyeth



# . . . THE CHATHAMITE



## THE GLEE CLUB

The rollicking *Pirates of Penzance* presented by the Glee Club this year was perhaps the most successful operetta ever given at Chatham Hall. The loss of Miss Miller's wonderful direction will be great. The fall concert given this year was a very fine one, revealing the expert training and lovely voices of the Glee Club to best advantage.

### OFFICERS

President ..... DOLLY BERKELEY  
 Secretary and Treasurer ..... MARY SPRAGUE

### MEMBERS

Sue Allen  
 Dorothea Berkeley  
 Nancy Blackford  
 Barbara Bosworth  
 Barbara Brown  
 Mary Carothers  
 Helen Daniel  
 Anne Deering  
 Nancy Dennis  
 Elizabeth Evans  
 Emily Griffin  
 Frances Hathaway

Louise Herron  
 Margaret Holt  
 Alice Jaques  
 Louise Ligget  
 Sally Linen  
 Barbara McGiffert  
 Barbara Mallory  
 Caroline Manning  
 Evelyn Mills  
 Joan Morgan

Dorinda Pell  
 Edith Porter  
 Elizabeth Schaff  
 Phoebe Spilman  
 Mary Sprague  
 Helen Stephenson  
 Alice Stimson  
 Elizabeth Stokes  
 Olivia Thorndike  
 Joy Van Tine  
 Adena Wright  
 Joan Wyeth





MARSHALS



ADVISORY COUNCIL



ASTRONOMY CLUB



ART CLUB



BIRD CLUB



DISCUSSION GROUP LEADERS



CAMERA CLUB



MUSIC CLUB



# . . . THE CHATHAMITE

## DISCUSSION GROUPS

Once a month the Discussion Groups meet to talk over informally a subject that has been carefully chosen by the leaders themselves. It gives to each girl the opportunity to think deeply on a topic which concerns her own life, to express her own views, and to gain the advantage of the opinions of the rest of her group. Before the evening meetings, Mrs. Lee helps the leaders assemble their points for the discussion.

### LEADERS

Fredericka Berger  
Louisa Bridge  
Phyllis Cook  
Louise Dorrance  
Julia Foraker

Louise Herron  
Marguerite Hillman  
Alice Jaques  
Evelyn Mills  
Mary Sprague

Marcia Williams

### SUBSTITUTES

Louise Ligget

Pollie Winslow

## THE MARSHALS

It is the duty of the marshals to keep general neatness and order in study hall and around the school. They also act as ushers at all entertainments in Willis Hall. They have done their work quietly and efficiently, and deserve praise for their capability.

### MEMBERS

*Head Marshal*, Sheila Clark

Mary Eliza Brown  
Lydia Cobb  
Joan Morgan

Mary Sprague  
Olivia Thorndike  
Adena Wright

## ADVISORY COUNCIL

The purpose of the Advisory Council is to get a cross-section of the ideas and opinions of the school in general. It was started last year as an experiment, and proved itself very helpful. It is composed of the Student Council and a few other carefully chosen seniors.

### MEMBERS

Fredericka Berger  
Jean Brundred  
Sheila Clark  
Frances Colville  
Phyllis Cook  
Louise Dorrance

Julia Foraker  
Molly Hays  
Louise Herron  
Alice Jaques  
Louise Ligget

Evelyn Mills  
Mary Sprague  
Claire Streeter  
Olivia Thorndike  
Pollie Winslow  
Virginia Witherow



# THE CHATHAMITE . . .

## THE CLUBS

### ART CLUB

Membership in the Art Club gives the opportunity for valuable experience and expert training. With Mrs. McKnight's supervision and Mary Eliza Brown as President, the club has increased its program this year. The use of outside models has been a great help; besides this, the usual poster work for various plays and recitals, Christmas cards, and woodcuts for the CHATHAMITE have been done.

### THE ASTRONOMY CLUB

The Astronomy Club, with Freddie Berger as President, has organized star-gazing for interested girls; the small groups that go out on clear nights have found it very interesting and worthwhile. Miss Marshall, the sponsor, also arranged several movies on astronomy for the Club.

### THE BIRD CLUB

The interest in birds at Chatham Hall continues to increase. The Bird Club makes it possible for girls to go on early morning walks to increase their knowledge about them. Frannie Colville, the President, and Miss Hensleigh have arranged various picnics and hikes for the Club members to learn about birds and their habits. In winter they feed the birds around the school. Interesting movies have also been given.

### THE CAMERA CLUB

The tremendous enthusiasm for photography that is sweeping the country has been felt here, too. Exhibits of work done by girls at school and by outsiders have been presented throughout the year. Miss Baldwin, the Sponsor, has helped the girls develop, print, and enlarge pictures in the dark room. Joan Morgan, the President, has arranged several picnics and field trips for the Club, to find new subjects to photograph.

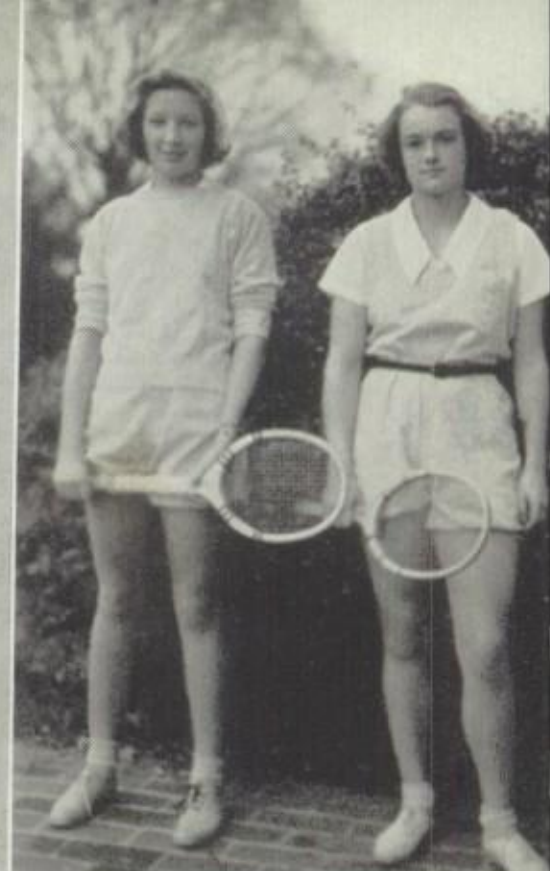
### THE MUSIC CLUB

Helen Roberts is President of the Music Club, and Miss Andrus and Miss Nicholson are the Sponsors. Frequent meetings are held; at each one a certain composer is chosen. Talks on this composer are given, and the members play selections from his works. A general discussion and criticism follows, which serves to make each member more familiar with the subject.









Dearest etc - I hope we  
haven't disturbed you too much  
this year by all our noise -  
It certainly has been  
mighty having you  
here - Remember that there  
is always a bed room  
for you in New Haven at  
anytime - The best of  
luck always - lots of love  
Peggy





# . . . THE CHATHAMITE

## SPORTS OF 1938

The season opened with the always entertaining swimming meet. The contestants, clad in the customary snappy suits, found no trouble in being amusing. Again the Golds gave the Hallowe'en party as a penalty for losing the meet.

The Golds proved that they had not been completely drowned by fighting through to victory in the tennis matches. The California star, Cunningham, defeated Hulburd after three fast sets. The Purples, represented by Hulburd and Wyeth, were downed again by Cunnie and Stevie.

The Purples grew more depressed as Golds triumphed in rapid succession in both archery and golf. An enthusiastic crowd witnessed Hastie score over Campbell. First, second, and third places in the archery tournament went to Colville, Brown, and Cheney respectively.

In the badminton tournament, an increasingly popular game here, Stevie vanquished Bobbie Brown, to add another laurel to the Golds' crown—to say nothing of points.

At the conclusion of the fall tournaments we began soccer with renewed enthusiasm. When the time came for the final games, two very proficient teams were chosen. The first teams were so evenly matched that the game was a tie, while the Purples walked off with second-team honors.

Due to the large number of spring sports, basketball was played in the fall this year. In both games the Purples showed themselves to be superior to the Golds.

When we returned from Christmas vacation, volleyball and hockey were the two sports demanding our attention. The former was introduced at Chatham Hall for the first time this year. The Purples demonstrated their ability by winning both games. However, they were not so fortunate in hockey. Two well-coached teams took the field and the first half ended with the score 0-0, but in the second half the Golds put on a tremendous drive, carrying the ball down the field and into the goal. The Purples were unable to score during the remainder of the game. The second-team game was one of the most exciting games ever seen at Chatham Hall. With the Golds leading 3-1 and two minutes left to play, victory seemed certain, but the Purples brought all onlookers to their feet by scoring two goals, thus tying the score.

As we go to press, there still remains ample opportunity for either team to win the much coveted plaque. Only time will tell the results of this year's rivalry between the teams.



# THE CHATHAMITE . . .



## THE MAY COURT

Queen ..... CAROL MURRAY  
 Maid of Honor ..... MARY SPRAGUE  
 First Lady of Court..... POLLIE WINSLOW

### Court Ladies

|                |                    |                  |
|----------------|--------------------|------------------|
| Dolly Berkeley | Marguerite Hillman | Sally Snowden    |
| Alice Cocke    | Evelyn Mills       | Olivia Thorndike |
|                | Virginia Vinnedge  |                  |

## GENTLEMEN OF THE HUNT THE DRILL

|                |                  |                       |                   |
|----------------|------------------|-----------------------|-------------------|
| Cornelia Allen | Jeffrey Ferguson | Mary McLean McKissick | Marion Sutphen    |
| Jean Campbell  | Bella Hagner     | Caroline Manning      | Peggy Ward        |
| Mary Carothers | Molly Hays       | Penelope Perkins      | Nell Williams     |
| Ellen Chidsey  | Alice Hollister  | Dale Rollins          | Stuart Williamson |
| Bunny Clapp    | Margaret Holt    | Sally Smith           | Virginia Witherow |
| Anne Deering   | Carolyn Jewett   | Phoebe Spilman        | Lanie Wright      |
| Patricia Devoe | Sally Linen      | Claire Streeter       |                   |

### LANCERS

|                 |                  |
|-----------------|------------------|
| Sheila Clark    | Joan Morgan      |
| Nancy Dennis    | Alice Murray     |
| Mary Ferguson   | Elizabeth Stokes |
| Spencer Kimball | Mary Wilmer      |

### JUMPING

|                |                   |
|----------------|-------------------|
| Mary Carothers | Alice Hollister   |
| Sheila Clark   | Margaret Holt     |
| Mary Ferguson  | Spencer Kimball   |
| Molly Hays     | Elizabeth Stokes  |
|                | Virginia Witherow |

Substitutes: Ruth Cunningham, Charlotte Morris, Sally Lawrence







# THE CHATHAMITE . . .

## FIRST SEMESTER HONOR ROLL

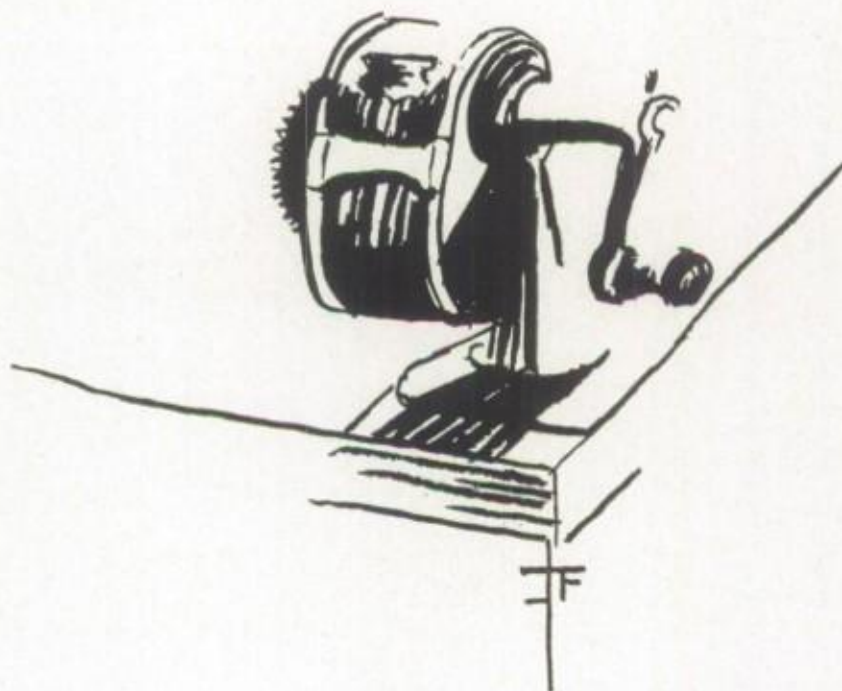
FREDERICKA BERGER  
CAROLINE BOXLEY  
BARBARA BROWN  
ELLEN CHIDSEY  
SARAH CHOATE  
PATRICIA DEVOE  
MARY FERGUSON  
JULIA FORAKER  
JEAN FULLER

MARY JANE HART  
LOUISE HERRON  
ALICE JAQUES  
ELSPIE McCLURE  
BARBARA McGIFFERT  
HELEN MONTGOMERY  
JOAN REID  
HELEN STEPHENSON  
MARION SUTPHEN

POLLIE WINSLOW

## Honorable Mention

MARY ELIZA BROWN  
MARY BUCHANAN CAROTHERS  
EVELYN MILLS  
OLIVIA THORNDIKE  
JOAN WYETH









# THE CHATHAMITE . . .

## DIDO IN DISTRESS or QUEEN OF HEARTS

A DRAMA IN ONE ACT

Dramatis Personae: *Dido*

*Anna*, her sister

*Aeneas*

*Courtiers*, including Knight

### SCENE I

Court room in palace. *Dido*, flushed with anger, is surrounded by her council.

*Dido*: I insist that this infamous man be punished. We must send out a fleet to destroy his ships. Whom could I appoint as commander-in-chief?

(Up and spake an elder knight, sat at the queen's right knee.)

*Knight*: Sir Patrick Spens is the best sailor that sails upon the sea.

*Dido*: Ah—take him the appointment. (On second thought.) I have not the heart to do this to Aeneas. Frailty, thy name is woman. Meeting adjourned.

### SCENE II

Watch tower in palace. *Anna* stands at window, looking out. *Dido* paces floor nervously.

*Dido*: *Anna*, Sister *Anna*, tell me, do you see anyone coming yet?

*Anna*: Only the empty road with the threatening sky above, just as if a mountain lion, crouched on a rock, were preparing to hurtle down on an unsuspecting fold. Why do you think Aeneas will come back anyhow?

*Dido*: I tell you he forgot his sword. Oh, unhappy me! To think that I should come to this. What is that? I hear the sound of galloping feet. (Away to the window she flew like a flash, tore upon the shutters, and threw up the sash.) There he is. But I won't go down. (She calls from the window.) Don't know ya.

*Aeneas* (voice from outside): I came back . . . er . . .

*Dido*: Begone, hated creature. Never darken my doorstep again.

*Aeneas*: But, my sword . . .

*Dido*: You'll never see it again. (Throws flower pot down.) Only this and nothing more. (With sarcasm.) *Forsan et haec olim meminisse iuvabit*. You take the high road and I'll take the low road and I'll get to Hades afore you. (To *Anna*.) 'Tis better to have loved and lost than never to have lost at all.

*Aeneas* (rationalizing): I must go down to the seas again. (Voice disappearing.) *Veni, vidi, vici*.

*Dido* (suddenly overcome with self-pity): Can't go on. Everything I had is gone. (Looks at sky.) Stormy weather. (Rushes to window again and shouts.) Speak, speak, thou fearful guest. (Hollow sound of fast departing hoofs floats through window.) Alas, curfew shall not ring tonight on my listening ears.

*Anna*: Don't say that. Life is real, life is earnest, and the grave is not the goal.

*Dido*: Don't scold. No one can say that I am a fussy queen but I would like a little bit of sympathy instead. Breathes there a man with soul so dead as Aeneas?

*Anna* (interrupting): A man's a man for a' that.



## . . . THE CHATHAMITE

*Dido*: Never dare to take up for that wretch. I am Queen Dido; when I open my mouth, let no dog bark.

*Anna*: The quality of mercy is not strained.

*Dido* (ignoring her): What would Helen of Troy have done in a case like this?

*Anna*: Who was she?

*Dido*: Stupid! She was the heroine of the *Iliad*. You know the *Iliad*. By Homer, some say. Others say by another man of the same name. But Helen's situation was rather different from mine. Lead me to the pyre. Parting is such sweet sorrow.

*Anna*: Haste makes waste. Can I not dissuade you? Hence loathed melancholy!

*Dido* (aside): A friend in need must be endured. (Aloud.) My mind is made up. (She wept that she was ever born, and she had reasons.)

### SCENE III

Pyre in inner court. Dido on top of it, sitting on couch, head in hands. Anna and courtiers surround her.

*Dido* (musing to herself): For oft when on my couch I lie, in vacant or in pensive mood . . . (Voice trails off, begins anew as she gazes at figures on Grecian urn.) More happy love, more happy, happy love.

*Courtiers* (pained, shocked, surprised, and at the same time deeply grieved): We can't do without her.

*Anna* (in frenzy): Do something. Don't just stand around.

*Courtiers* (all): They also serve who only stand and wait.

*Dido* (soliloquizing): 'Tis a far, far better thing that I do than I have ever done . . . (Plunges sword into heart, dies.)

Incidental music of mourners chanting—"Far Below the Tiber River" . . .

### CURTAIN

EMILY CLEMONS, '38

My body is crouched, my knees doubled under,  
Two thin bamboo poles are clutched in my hands.  
Behind me my hair streams, wild and unruly,  
As low on my skis, I fly down the trail.  
The wind whistles by me and cuts at my flesh,  
Leaving me breathless, all icy and tingling.  
And as I speed downwards, faster and faster,  
My eyes become blinded from sharp-pointed snowflakes  
Which swirl 'round my head in a seething white cloud.  
Around me press closely the branches of pine trees,  
Which, heavily laden, arch their necks proudly,  
And, wishing to show me their soft, downy garments,  
Brush at my face as I pass swiftly by.  
Flying down thus at a breath-taking speed  
With the world rushing past, both about and beneath me,  
Is surely that thing which thrills and delights me,  
Filling my soul with excitement and joy.

LEE THACHER, '39



# THE CHATHAMITE . . .

## A DAY ON GRANDE ISLE

Dawn is grey, verging into dark blue, as the sun shines weakly on the vast stretch of land, made bare by desolation. Frogs croak in the salty marshes and tree toads hum in stumpy palmettos, and together with the gulls and pelicans make a weird, strange noise.

Once upon a time, Grande Isle was the popular summer place of the New Orleans society, but on one dreadful night, the island was struck by a tidal wave in a violent storm, and all the people were swept into the Gulf, along with animals, trees, and parts of houses, and only a few were rescued. Not many live there today, for people can not forget the terrible tragedy and are afraid it will occur again.

There is a sharkskin factory, where men fish for sharks and then sell the skins. Small boats risk the heavy Mexican squalls, and return laden with shrimps and oysters after a hard day's work.

As the sun rises higher in the sky, it sheds a luminous glow over the salty marshes and makes the water shine with reflected lights as the waves pound dully and unceasingly on the barren shore. Large breakers, a mile out in the gulf, splash and play with the porpoise schools, while the little waves come politely up to the same tide mark on the beach, never venturing to withdraw altogether, or presuming to advance much farther each hour, and all the time making a whispering, self-contented noise.

Strange logs and sea plants are washed up by the tide from South America, which is nine hundred miles away.

At noonday when the sun's rays grow hotter, gulls and pelicans are seen dipping and turning on the crest of the waves, trying to pick up a bite of lunch. When successful, they scream exultingly, and when unlucky, push and scramble for the fish of a more fortunate neighbor.

As the afternoon ends, and the sun goes down, the fishing fleet comes in, smelling unpleasantly of shrimps and oysters. Large sharks, entangled in nets, are cut up on the dock, and their skins are prepared and salted.

Night comes on; the birds perch in the sparse cypress trees, the frogs sing, and all settles into peace and stillness, broken only by an occasional shout from a man fixing the fishing nets and crab-traps to one of his companions, which echoes over the waste of sand and rocks—then all is quiet.

CORNELIA W. ALLEN, '41



## . . . THE CHATHAMITE

### FAIR

Hot lights beating down on bare heads;  
Blaring band setting eardrums and pulses athrob;  
Snake charmer weaving his spell in sharp silhouette against a  
    chalky tent;  
Fat laundry-woman hiccupping softly over her pop,  
Eying the laughing crowd through bleary eyes;  
Tiny baby curled up in her ample lap . . .  
And through it all the warm, salty fragrance of fresh popcorn . . .

Tim and Jennie, riding on the ferris wheel, giggled.  
Tim tried to kiss her, but got slapped for it . . .  
Then they both laughed . . .  
A little dizzy, they landed and squeezed through the mob.  
"Lookie," said Jennie, "a artist!"  
Amazed they peeked over his shoulder  
At a mottled, dirty canvas,  
Canvas of a mottled, dirty crowd.  
"Why do yer do that fer?" asked Tim.  
"M'gosh, should think yer'd get yerself a gel—  
Have some fun fer once!"  
The man looked up, the fever of creation  
Still glistening in his hungry eyes.  
But seeing those two,  
He wiped a contemptuous snarl from his lips,  
Shrugged, and smiled quietly.  
"I am having fun, my boy."  
He tapped his palette: "Here is my sweetheart."  
And returned to his canvas.  
Tim and Jennie stared blankly for a moment,  
Then laughed, and bought two hot, juicy wienies.

—JULIA FORAKER, '38



# THE CHATHAMITE . . .

## A FAY

Channing was a fay. Of all the people in the world, he would have been the most surprised if he had known of this; his parents, a sensible, organized, and modern pair, would have run a close second. For all they knew, Channing's only lapse from normalcy had been the time that he had claimed actually to have reached China during a digging session. Utterly convinced of the truth of his tale, he had described at length the games he had played in the company of a baby deer, a mermaid white as snow, a small boy black as ebony, and a thousand and one pink butterflies that were not butterflies, for they had human bodies. His parents, unwilling to repress his imagination, had applauded his story well, but had carefully explained that there are two kinds of stories, true and pretend, and, while the latter were all very well in their way, it would never do to let them lose their subordinate position.

So Channing never knew he was a fay, and he grew to be, at sixteen, a very ordinary boy with a very ordinary crush on pretty little Marcia Linacre. Marcia liked him, too, but they used to quarrel a lot. As Channing never afterwards remembered how any particular quarrel started, it was not strange that he one day found himself standing in front of Marcia, who had just said something very biting and was enjoying the effect it had had, wishing with all his soul that she were a clinging vine so that he could tear her apart, slowly. He was genuinely shocked when in Marcia's place there was suddenly nothing but a brand new honeysuckle vine, wonderingly twisting and untwisting itself.

"Channing"—it was Marcia's voice—"I'm sorry. I'm very sorry. I'll never do it again."

"Oh, that's all right, Marcia. My fault, too, I guess."

"You're sweet, to be so forgiving."

"You're nice, yourself."

Pause.

"Channing."

"Yes?"

"Hasn't it been long enough? I mean, I'll be good now. Let me go."

"But, Marcia, I haven't the vaguest idea of how to go about it!"

"Didn't you change me in the first place?"

"Yes."

"Well, then, unchange me."

"I'm sorry, I can't. I don't even remember how I did it, and I certainly can't break a spell I don't remember how I made, can I?"

"Oh, you're horrid! I'll never speak to you again."

"Don't then."

Pause.

"Channing! Are you leaving me?"

"I've got to go to supper, Marcia."

"Channing, I'll cry. I'm scared of being left alone like this."

"Look, Marcia. I've got to leave you for a while, but you'll be all right."

"No, no!"

"I must; but while I'm gone, I'll think of a way to disenchant you."



## . . . THE CHATHAMITE

Channing's mother was worried; his father, annoyed; for Channing came late to supper, ate hardly anything, said little, and left the table at the earliest possible moment. They could not realize that he was too miserable for food or speech. In fact, Channing felt like a murderer; a super-murderer. And he could not think of anything to help Marcia, because, not knowing he was a fay, Channing had no faith in his powers. To have the complete self-confidence which he needs to work magic, every fay must know he is one. Channing, therefore, could not consciously work magic.

Marcia, too, was miserable. There were so many startling noises that she literally trembled with fear: a nasty bee buzzed perilously close to her shrinking form, and would not be driven away; acorns dropped on her from the tree above, and they hurt. Marcia wept.

She was so glad to see Channing again that she threw a couple of leafy branches around him; then his face told her the worst. However, human company was a comfort, even if not a help, and she begged him not to leave her again. Channing, the super-murderer, humbly acquiesced. If he could do no more, he at least could make the wretched vine's life reasonably contented. Anyway, Channing liked being out at night like this. The later it got, the less he felt like a super-murderer. By the same token, he grew more restless by the minute, getting up to run and jump about and to disappear among the trees for a little while. Marcia complained a little. She asked him, "Why are you so fidgety, Channing?"

"I can't help it, Marcia. I feel as if I were just about to learn something wonderful. It's in the back of my mind, and I can't quite get it."

Midnight. Marcia stood up, half fearful that the spell was not really broken. Then, with a joyful cry, she stretched her arms out.

"Channing! I'm all right again!"

But the boy opposite did not recognize her. As a matter of fact, he looked so strange that she almost might not have recognized him. He looked as she felt, free, exalted.

"Channing!"

He never looked at her.

"So that's it!" he muttered, and he was gone. Marcia went straight home and never came near those woods again.

—MARY BUCHANAN CAROTHERS, '39





# THE CHATHAMITE . . .

## THE RULING PASSION

The question "What is your ruling passion?" is becoming a major problem in the smart world of today. If you do not have a ruling passion and if it is not original, you are quite *déclassé*. For when the subject is brought up, the one aim of each person in the room is to declare, with a sheepish expression intended to betray the Terrible-When-Aroused type of person, that his or her ruling passion is something more original than any other. If you are confronted by such a question, there are two ways of answering. First, you can give one of those semi-original standbys such as the Backward Instinct, a desire for playing with Junior's chemical set, for chewing bubble gum, or for digging cavernous holes in the ground with a shovel. Second, you can give an original answer, a difficult problem which, if solved now, will benefit us in dealing with the numerous Mr. Bisches who will inevitably crop up in later years to ask with a leer, which they think gives them a gay desperado air in spite of their home-grown, domestic look, what is our ruling passion.

"Aha!" we shall say, for we have already thought out our weighty problem.

The different come-backs may be divided up into three groups according to types of people. The first class is the Smart Sophisticates, or Debutantes and Their Men. If we are this type, we shall certainly want something gay and nocturnal. Searching for back doors in New York at three in the morning always brings a laugh, but yet does not quite hit the spot. Giving roller-skating parties in the slums is also a bit old. Let us think—Eureka! we have it! Playing tiddly-winks at three in the morning with man-hole covers! Try to beat that one, Mr. Snixell.

Our second group is entitled The Serious-Minded Professor Type or Tidbits For Tall Thinkers. If we are this type, something intellectual will surely be wanted. Mathematical problems are the usual answer, but *how* unoriginal! Making up cross-word puzzles or even doing them, and tearing Ford cars apart only to put them back together again are all good items for this group, and may be used in emergencies. However, the real come-back of people of this type is to say while raising bushy eyebrows and leering with an air of hauteur:

"My dear Mr. Soames, my ruling passion has long been to count the number of grammatical errors made by men of your fiber; in your last sentence you made four"; then, smiling kindly, walk away, leaving Mr. Soames mentally groveling at your feet.

Our third and last group is that of the Plain Plodders or Homely Hanna's type to which most of us belong. A typical answer of this group is, "Oh, Mr. Fidsh, I just love to walk in the rain." Now let us put our foot down firmly on any retort of this sort, for it is definitely lacking in that untouchable quality, *verve*. In fact, it betrays to Mr. Fidsh that his companion has never read an article such as this thrilling opus, and is therefore quite devoid of an education. No, really to star one must answer in a harassed, hide-it-at-all-cost tone, "My ruling passion is being allergic!" The whole room will instantly be at your feet, perishing to compare their similar tale of woe with yours. However, one must not allow the crowds to come too close before finishing, "To *crowds*!" Then get up and slink away, leaving behind you the Messrs. Mixell, Fidsh, Soames, and Drizzlepuss, who, I promise, will never bother you again.

—HELEN STEPHENSON, '38



## . . . THE CHATHAMITE

### THE LAND

Fields, grey-brown in the fading sunlight, and patterned into even squares by man's fencing handiwork, stretched on every side as far as the eye could see. Occasionally a few struggling trees relieved the monotony of the scene, and here and there a wreath of smoke rose to mingle with the blue of the sky, but primarily the aspect of the countryside was uninteresting, lonely, and bare. One isolated farmhouse, set in a dusty yard, served only to enhance the sequestered appearance of this desolate spot, and a traveler, passing through this land, might have shrugged and hastened on to a more cheerful neighborhood.

To the man standing on the doorstep of this same battered dwelling, however, the view caused very different reactions. At the sight of the rich, moist loam of the fields, interspersed with a few brave shoots of green, feelings of pride, love, and passion surged up in his heart. As his glance wandered over a worn plow, he again felt the conquering power of the farmer whose planting has been successful, and his hands trembled with the very strength of his emotion. How he loved the soil, his own barren lands, and the most insignificant wonders of nature!

A dull whimper from within the house recalled the impassioned man to more pressing realities, and worriedly passing his hand to his brow, he remembered the words of the visiting doctor: "Your daughter is very ill, Smith. I'd advise an operation."

An operation. The very phrase spelled his doom. To meet the expense he would be forced to sell the farm. Could he bear to sacrifice all the efforts of his life and give up what was the very meaning of his existence? He reasoned that little Mary had been sick before, yet his face grew lined and pained with the severity of his mental struggles. At last a glance at his new-sown acres reassured him in his decision.

A few weeks later the receding rays of light again cast gloomy shadows in the deep furrows of the fields. The ever present curls of smoke threw a faint haze over the subdued countryside, and awaiting the coming twilight, the brown land lay silent and bare. A breath of wind languidly stirred up a puff of dust in the yard of the lonely farmhouse, and once again a man appeared on the threshold. The pungent smell of the earth and the scent of spring in the air rose to his nostrils, but unconsciously he strained for something more. Leaning forward, he sought the sound of a shrill childish voice or a glimpse of a vanished form. There was an irremediable gap in his life, yet one comfort remained. Love for it had been his ruling passion, and after all there was—the land.

—MARY ELIZA BROWN, '38



## THE CHATHAMITE . . .

### BANDAGES

It has been truthfully said that every life has a ruling passion. The passion of my life is bandages—bandages of any sort: big ones, small ones, clean ones, dirty ones, neat ones, or ratty ones, it doesn't matter, for they all come under that wonderful heading of BANDAGES. Each type has its own particular advantage and attraction. Even a small tape bandage for the finger, though not as impressive as the large knee type, has nevertheless the advantage of killing two birds with one stone, as, though not enabling one to write easily, it still gives one the ecstatic satisfaction of having a BANDAGE on.

Coming under the heading of finger bandages, besides the small tape for blisters, is, of course, the very distinctive thumb bandage with splint! This type to me has every possible advantage, and lies at the very top of the list, superior to every other type yet discovered. It is large; it is clean; it is neat (for just about the right amount of time before reaching the ratty stage, which, in this particular type of bandage, is a very attractive stage), and it is sufficiently important to let the bearer hold up his head with the entrancing I-have-a-bandage-on look on his face. This look, by the way (a ravishing, somewhat smug, yet radiant look), is by far the most wonderful feature of all the wonderful features offered by the thumb bandage. It is not, however, to be thought for a minute that this look is an easy one to achieve successfully, as it is, on the contrary, an art which is finally achieved only through years of arduous and diligent bandage-wearing. I myself have far from reached perfection in this art, as there are still those who see through me, realizing that I wear a bandage a little longer than is necessary; and I still often have that awful twinge of conscience when, in the midst of very subtly flaunting my bandage around, and at what I consider an opportune moment, putting the I-have-a-bandage-on look on my face, I am suddenly met by the hard, cruel, steel-like gaze of the skeptic. The world is full of these horrible people (the worst enemies of the bandage world), so full that I sometimes think it is almost no use trying to get away with anything any more.

The most outstanding advantage of the large, always-clean knee bandage is that it gives one the hero-look. However, I think this type of dressing is a disgrace to the bandage world, and not worthy to exist. It is inferior in every way, and except for giving the hero-look, has no advantages. Its disadvantages are: (1) it usually gets ratty after the first two days—not attractively ratty like the thumb bandage, but, through unravelling and a general falling apart, becoming completely unwieldy; (2) it is difficult and graceless to take a bath with one's entire leg hanging out of the tub to prevent wetting the useless knee bandage; (3) this type causes excruciating pain when pulled off; (4) unless one is wearing shorts or a bathing suit, this bandage does not even show, except of course, when one is in the nude, and not generally showing off to society as a whole. So except for the fact that it is a bandage, what earthly good does it do to make up for all these disadvantages? I am inclined to say that I would prefer any other type of bandage to this type, though it is of course far better than none at all.

But why need I tell you all the pros and cons of bandages? They may be your passion as well as mine. I have found them to be the passion of many, though few will admit it except when drawn into dark corners and openly accused. If bandages are your passion and your life, I bless you as a brother, and wish you luck in your sprains, strains, cuts, and bruises, hoping they may be as serious as possible, affording you the opportunity and need for TREMENDOUS splints.

As for me, I am in the depths of despair, as my handsome thumb bandage is about to come off for good. It is about to come off and leave me a blank wall again with nothing to live for but another sprained thumb. Oh Life!

—EVELYN MILLS, '38



## . . . THE CHATHAMITE

### THE MAGNET

The straight chairs, the colorless walls, the expressionless desk, the unappetizing ledgers, the—Oh what was the use? Robert whirled around in his swivel chair and hurled the timid secretary out of the room with a churlish dismissal. Must this go on day after day, year after year? Must he sit in this motionless office surrounded by bank material, while inside him an urge,—an unknown one, to be sure, but nevertheless an irresistible urge,—welled up in him from the depths of his heart? What was the magnet that kept pulling at his mind, usurping his peace and happiness? Why wasn't he happy here?

With head in hands, Robert flashed through his life as a newspaper clipping reviews a man's deeds. Born in a Middle Western city, Robert Swift had gone to the state university, and, as all others in his family for generations, had become a banker. It had never entered his head to become anything but a banker. It was not done in the Swift family. Yet all through these first years, beginning as an office boy, then advancing rapidly; gaining first his father's praise of his work, then his employer's approval, and now (the envy of his fellowmen), obtaining his own secretary, he had felt something to be wrong. It was as if an invisible hand during these three years had kept clutching at Robert, endeavoring to draw him away, and as if an unseen voice had kept repeating in his ear, "Come to me." Still Robert was not a day-dreamer. Could this be a form of insanity? For a brief moment, the color left his face and his hands trembled, but Robert was a sensible man. Yet this unknown passion was tearing him apart. If only he could get at it, and fight it in the open, how much brighter the outlook would be. The vision of twenty, thirty, or maybe even forty years more of this intangible yearning, this gnawing cancer, was enough to kill any man. Nothing to be done about it though, and so quietly, calmly now, Robert resumed his work, called back his secretary in softer tones, and another day was nearly over.

Robert had never been away from the Middle West, and it was with great enthusiasm that he accepted an invitation to spend his vacation in Maine with a college friend. His friend had written, "Don't expect much. We just lead a quiet life here swimming in the ocean," but he knew he would enjoy it as it was all new to him.

His friend had met him at the little station in the midst of a raging storm, and laughingly they had splashed their way up to his house on a cliff overlooking the ocean. As they had ducked inside, a thunder peal had split open their ears, and a burst of wind had shaken the whole house. Now, Robert stood in the dark living room waiting, while his friend hung up the coats. Suddenly he sensed a beating, a splashing, a regular thumping against the side of the house. Something made his heart beat faster; something made a tingling play tag up and down his spine; something made his head feel light and airy.

"What is the thumping?" he feverishly questioned his friend, but before he had gained a reply, he dashed across the room and threw open the window. His mind was rushing around in circles, and some unknown exaltation was making him yell with joy.

"It is just the waves!" his friend shouted as Robert stumbled to the door. "Don't go out, you fool. It is just the ocean kicking up in the storm."

Feet hollowed far down in the soggy sand, legs quivering, arms outstretched, head thrown back, Robert remained torpid in the midst of nature's fireworks, while the sea, that wild, raging expression of power, with its daring waves curling nearer and nearer to Robert, threw enticing spray in his face and employed all its deep greens and vivid blues to lure him to it. Although he was bewildered at first, slowly but surely a wild ecstasy of freedom surged over him.

"The sea!" he shrieked. "The sea! That was the magnet; that was the urge." Laughing with joy, he flung himself into those inviting, caressing waves, and breathing a sigh of contentment, he let the soft water fondle him.

\* \* \* \* \*

It was tragic and so puzzling; no one could comprehend it. Here was a man on the road to success with a brilliant banking career ahead, and he had committed suicide, drowned himself, in fact.

—LOUISE DORRANCE, '38



# THE CHATHAMITE . . .

## FAILURE

The noise was terrible; hourly the battle seemed to grow more fierce. The hot June sun beat down on two armies of sweating men and horses. A momentous decision was being made.

One form familiar the world over rode a horse back and forth, arranging his troops, shouting to his men in metallic phrases. He was going to break through the enemy and enter Brussels; he already had the proclamation in his pocket. Back and forth he rode; with all his former years of experience he encouraged his men to fight as they had never fought before. The soldiers loved him, worshiped him; and they responded with a new and fiercer attack.

The little man kept riding up and down. He grew more tense. His dreams seemed to totter. Was he being defeated? No, that was not possible. His life's aim, his life's work, he could not fail now; no, he must not. Savagely he dug his spurs into his lathered mount. Red dots appeared on the horse's foam-flecked sides. The animal responded, and ran into the diminishing ranks. The commander remembered previous battles when his men had not fallen like this; instead they had swept on, brushing the foe aside. Oh, he could not lose now! Victory was so terribly near, and yet so far. He stood up in his iron stirrups and yelled tensely to his men. His whole life had been a military one—he had been born in a war, he had spent all his school years in a military academy, and his entire manhood studying and successfully carrying out military tactics. A whole lifetime working to make an obsession come true. He must not fail now.

Slowly, oh so slowly, a terrible thing happened. The realization that he was being defeated came on him. The little commander grew pale; how hard it was for him who had always been successful to realize the truth. He felt weak:—yes, he was losing. Sweat poured off his face.

Fresh enemy troops had arrived and they poured a deadly fire into his ranks; he was outnumbered two to one. Terror came on his men; he had failed to hold them together. Once more he stood up in his stirrups, and to his waiting men he yelled a retreat. For the first time as a commander he was the leader of a routed army. The remainder of his sadly depleted army disbanded and the little man with a few faithful friends made his way to Paris.

Bitter, he still believed he could raise new troops. Defeat, however, was on him, and he could not rally his men. Everywhere men spurned him; they did not believe his defeat temporary. It was almost impossible for him to realize that he now held little power over men. He was bitter; yes, his one desire in life, power, was gone. Humbly he sailed to England to seek peace from his disgrace.



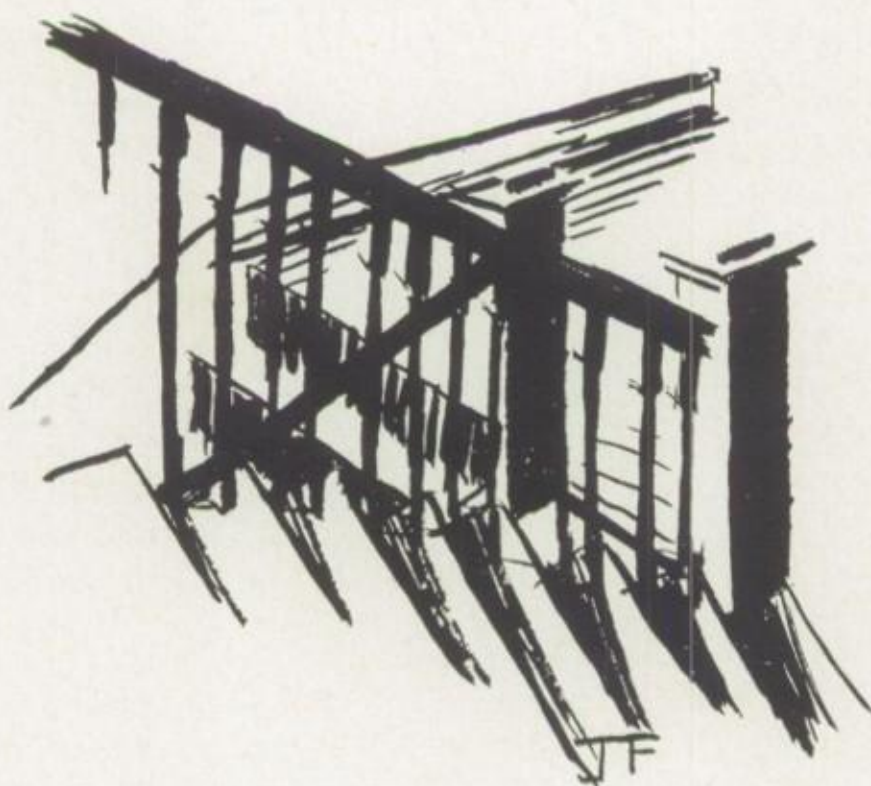
## . . . THE CHATHAMITE

There was no peace for him; in sailing to England he had entered a trap which crushed him. Once in Plymouth Harbor he was taken captive. The capture wounded him deeply, not so much because of his loss of freedom, but "because the world refused to recognize his greatness." In due time he was put on another ship which soon set sail for a distant island.

"By evening he had lost sight of Europe which he had ruled. Darkling was the sea which he had never been able to rule. He stood in the bow not looking forward nor backward either. As on the voyage to Egypt he looked upward toward the stars. He was seeking his own star."

So drew to a close the life of one of the greatest men who ever lived; a man who lost in nine days an empire he had fought for nine years to win. He had a fierce, cruel, ruling passion, a passion to rule; a passion that wrote a name on the world never to be effaced—Napoleon Bonaparte.

—SHEILA CLARK, '38





# THE CHATHAMITE . . .

## A FAT STOCK SHOW

Old men smoking bad cigars, sawdust, bawling cattle, men shouting, trains puffing out in the yards, a telephone tinkling, old women sitting stolidly on benches, owners currying their calves, exhibitors nervously trying to make them stand well, judges and buyers poking them in the ribs, boys hooting from the stands.

In every stall some one is lolling in the manger. They see and hear buyers. They answer questions.

"How old is that steer?"

"... About thirteen months."

"Is he pure-bred?"

"... Sure is."

"What does he weigh?"

"... 'Round nine hundred and twenty pounds."

"What do you feed him on?"

"... Eight pounds of corn and three of cotton-seed meal."

"Pretty good calf. . . . Who owns that Black Angus over there?"

A very small girl enters the ring leading a large white-face calf. A man struggles with a wild steer. A proud freckle-faced boy holds his prize winner for a photographer; his little brother's eyes bulge with excitement. A group of excited children stand around a scared roan calf. A man climbs hurriedly over a padlocked gate. A little boy walks tearfully out of the ring, leading a diminutive calf. In the judging area a man begins to expound the various points of beef and beef-cattle. People sit on the stands and listen in silence. Their children skip back and forth along the grandstand. A bevy of girls drink Coca-Cola amid confidential giggles. Somewhere, the noon whistle screams and a colored man in a stained white apron begins to advertise box-lunches.

—ELSPIE MCCLURE, '40



## CONVERSATION

She saw him coming toward her from the stag line, poised, handsome, sure of himself. He cut in. In her frightened excitement, Celia almost forgot to thank the boy with whom she had been dancing. The impossible had happened. She was dancing with Christopher Kenwood. Of course she had met him once or twice before, but the extent of their conversation had been, "How do you do?" This was her golden opportunity to dent that glazed superiority, to make her mark on the Princeton athlete. She racked her brain for a scintillating phrase with which to open the conversation.

She said, "Hello."

He looked at her with that fascinating, crooked smile. "Hello," he replied.

Celia felt at this moment much as she often did when she was asked to prove a theorem in geometry class. She could think of nothing but bright, whirling discs which made a grating noise in her ears.

Almost unconsciously she repeated the same few words she had said to her every partner that evening. "The orchestra is rather good, isn't it?" she chattered brightly.



## . . . THE CHATHAMITE

"Not bad," he agreed.

This was terrible; this was awful; something had to be done! He broke in on her agonized reverie.

"Would you like some punch?" he asked.

Celia had already had five cups, but she assured him that she was simply dying for a drink. It would be easier to concentrate on something witty if she were not trying to follow his intricate steps.

She sank onto a couch in a small room just off the ballroom, while he went to get the punch. She watched the other girls through the doorway as they whirled by, talking gayly to their partners. What did they find to say? Before coming to one of these huge parties where she knew about one per cent of the guests, she usually thought of five different topics to discuss: the Yale football team, if he were a Yale man; the Princeton team, if he went there; the recent edition of his school magazine; the respective merits of Goodman's and Dorsey's orchestras; and other equally trite subjects. Naturally she used them only if the boy didn't give her any sort of opening in another direction, but she simply couldn't pull any of that hackneyed conversation on Christopher. He had been around too much to be even vaguely interested in that obvious stuff.

He gave her the cup of punch and sat down.

"Thanks a lot," she murmured.

"Quite a crush around the punch bowl," he remarked. "I had to fight my way in."

"Your Tiger training is quite practical, I suppose, for just such instances as that," Celia hazarded. Of all the stupid things to say! Celia mentally tore her hair because of the inanity of those words. To cover them, she said quickly, "Do you know Red Miller or Alfred Winston at Princeton?"

"They both live in my building, but I don't see much of them."

"Oh, really? Then you must live in Holder."

"Second floor to the left," he admitted; and added, "Shall we dance?"

This was utter torture. Why didn't someone cut in? He already thought she was a perfect drip; she couldn't go through the ignominy of being "stuck" with him.

"When do you have to be back at Princeton?" she inquired.

"The eighth, I guess. It certainly depresses me to think about it. I really have to put on a major drive for those mid-years. I suppose, though, that you wouldn't know anything about the brain-splitting tension of exams. You don't have them at that country club of yours, do you?"

"Certainly we do, and they're just as hard as any you ever had in prep school." This was wonderful, a definite opening if only she could keep up the argument.

She continued. "Country club! I don't know where you ever got that idea of Chatham. We really work down there."

Oh, that awful Peters boy was coming to cut in, and just when Christopher had started to look interested. Now he would never dance with her again. Why hadn't that Peters person waited a little longer, until she had had a chance to erase from Christopher's mind those first awkward moments? Archie Peters was almost upon them now, and Celia summoned a bright smile to turn on Christopher when he would relinquish her to that undernourished, big-eared, prep school youth.

"Thank you," she began.

"Celia," Christopher interrupted her, "let's go in town to the Drake when this party breaks up."

—MARCIA WILLIAMS, '39



## THE CHATHAMITE . . .

### NANA

They saw her move,  
A tiny tinsel figure,  
Whirling in a glittering tinsel world.  
"There's Nana," they said,  
And lapped up her accent  
And her naughty songs,  
Her tip-tilted eyes,  
And her sweetly-crooked smile.  
She was of glass,  
Spun from elfins' tears,  
And blown to fragile beauty  
By a sea-dwarf.  
Intangible as a moonbeam,  
She slipped in and out of men's hearts,  
And kept them ever poised expectantly  
At the perfumed edge  
Of herself.  
A wisp of sheer loveliness,  
She pirouetted by,  
Perfect in honey satin  
And palest pink net;  
Great ladies curtsied to her;  
And the haunting memory of her lips  
Pinioned the minds of youths.  
And so she fascinated,  
And so she tripped and she twirled,  
And so she shimmered and she shone,  
This doll—this Nana.  
Until, one day,  
The first wrinkle appeared,  
And the rouge refused to hide  
The thirty pale years.  
Until, one night,  
"Where's Nana?" they asked.  
And Nana smiled  
And dipped a finger  
Into the star-dusted water,  
And, "Here's Nana!" she said.

—JULIA FORAKER, '38



## . . . THE CHATHAMITE

### SIR ROGER DE COVERLEY WRITES IN HIS DIARY

Coverley Hall

April 2, 1711

Having yesterday had a most remarkable experience, of which I have never heard the like before, I must record it in my Diary, for the particular benefit of my descendants, should they chance to read it. However, not being quite certain myself that it actually happened, I cannot permit myself to yield to the temptation of breathing a word of it to my worthy friend, Joseph Addison, should he, perchance, find opportunity of reprimanding foolish old men in his *Spectator Papers*. Moreover, I should not wish to let my tenants hear of this, since they would doubtless think me on the verge of my dotage.

However, for the sake of keeping clear in my own mind the exact experiences of yesterday, and, as I have said before, for the benefit of my future descendants, I shall proceed to put it down here. The night before last, having fallen into a very troubled sleep, most probably the result of a large and sumptuous dinner which I attended at the house of a friend, I woke up in the morning with not a small amount of irritability, only to find myself in a different room from the one in which I had gone to sleep, and, moreover, a room which I had never set eyes on before. Being in a rather dazed condition, however, I could not forbear thinking that I was merely stupefied from my bad night's sleep, and therefore decided to ring for my valet that he might bring me my usual breakfast. Imagine my surprise, then, when I reached for my cord, and instead knocked my hand into a strange looking object, standing on a table, where my candle is wont to be! Upon perceiving this, I immediately jumped from my bed, assuming that the wine had been a bit too strong for me the previous evening, and that my friend had put me up in his own house. In my haste to get dressed, I did not look about me very carefully, and realizing that I had probably slept longer than usual, I wished to go down to my host, thank him for his kind consideration, and then drive on to Coverley Hall. I shall never forget the sensation I experienced when, in throwing a rapid glance out of the window, I perceived that my room was situated many stories above the street, and upon looking farther out I saw so many strange and wonderful sights as I never hope to see again. There on the street I saw thousands of people scurrying about, constantly, as it seemed, avoiding large and swiftly moving vehicles, in which, as in a coach, were seated four or five people. Moreover, to my amazement, I saw towering above the street enormous buildings, which seemed, in truth, to be touching the sky. These were the objects which met my bewildered eyes, and which confirmed my former belief that I was thoroughly ill after the effects of the dinner. This induced me, more than ever, to hasten to my host. I shall not dwell on the painful sensation which I had upon opening my door, and finding myself in a long hall, which could not possibly have been in the house of my friend. As quickly as my age and dignity permitted, I went down innumerable stairs, until I at length reached the ground floor. Perceiving that no one was in sight, I went out of the street door, wishing first of all to determine my whereabouts, and to make further discoveries about the strange sight which had met my eyes through the window. I had no sooner stepped out of the door, than I felt myself pulled into a whirlwind of madly rushing people. I proceeded to walk as rapidly as I was able up an imposing avenue, which seemed to be thronged with such objects as I had never seen before. In my bewildered state of mind, all the people about me seemed to be hastening toward some unknown destiny which pushed them forward, ever faster, until I became so confused at looking about me that I was forced to stand still to recover my senses. I had not as much



## THE CHATHAMITE . . .

as thought of where I was, being too stupefied and amazed to dwell upon such trifling matters, but presently that occurred to me. Moreover, I was beginning to wonder at the people I saw coming towards me and at the clothes which they were wearing. Presently, I felt something tickling my face, and upon looking around to see who had thus offended me, the first thing which I perceived was a long feather, then something which resembled a bonnet, such as our fashionable ladies are wont to wear, and then, I saw that the person wearing this object was a woman. Never before had I seen anything equal to it! (Even our wenches at the amusement park have not as rouged lips as this baggage had.) She was clothed in some sort of a shirt garment, reaching—I blush to think of it—just below her knees. The saucy baggage, upon seeing me, immediately began to laugh, and remarked, “You know, this is 1938! Who do you think you are?” at the same time surveying my clothes. I was naturally rather abashed, but upon observing other people, I noticed that they were dressed in exactly the same absurd fashion as the woman who had addressed me.

However, being of a philosophical nature, I decided that since I was in such a situation, there was nothing to do about it; the only thing to do was to place myself entirely in the hands of God, and hope that by some miracle I might be transported into my own century once more. In the meanwhile, I could make some very close observations of 1938, which would certainly prove to be of interest to my own generation. With this thought in mind, I continued.

That which surprised me most was the apparent freedom of the women. By this, I mean that on every street I saw women walking about and unescorted; by the bits of conversation which I chanced to overhear, I realized that the women were not only interested in literature, but also were ardently interested in politics! I am amazed when I think of the great difference between our own sheltered, demure young women, and these audacious creatures of 1938, who profess knowledge of literature and politics, which are both such obviously masculine interests!

After many hours of varied and interesting experiences (which I intend to record tomorrow, when I will have fully recovered from my shock of yesterday), I at length sat down on a convenient park bench, and weariness overcame me. I had closed my eyes for only an instant, when I had the pleasant sensation of drowsiness, which immediately resulted in sleep. When next I awoke, I found myself lying in my own bed at Coverley Hall. I confess that I am thoroughly relieved to find myself safely at home again, and above all in my own century. But whether my experience was real or not, I am in truth glad to realize how fortunate we of the eighteenth century are in being able to relax and take life as it comes, not rushing madly, madly forward, ever faster, losing all sense of peace and quiet, as does the twentieth century.

—TERESITA SPARRE, '39





# . . . THE CHATHAMITE

## THE CALENDAR

### FALL TERM—1937

- Sept. 20, Mon. The first of the reception committee ekes in, a little nervous at the prospect of sleeping all by their lonesomes in the c-o-l-d, d-a-r-k halls, but managing to survive.
- Sept. 21, Tues. Breakfast at the Lees' the next morning unearths a few more happy faces, seen assuming varied expressions of surprise, delight, and astounded excitement, at the sight of the re-interior-decorated library and the ritzy faculty club. The new girls' advance guard straggles in by degrees during the day and their main army takes us by surprise at night.
- Sept. 22, Wed. Much goings-on in the form of tryouts, examinations, banquet, etc. Just as the new girls are getting to feel that they know one or two people, along comes the old bunch to help corrugate their grey matter.
- Sept. 23, Thu. Classes—mercifully short. Many innovations of interest: e. g., chocolate milk in the morning, to build us up, and *two* week-ends for *everybody*!
- Sept. 25, Sat. The old girls, overflowing with hospitality, entertain the new 'uns at a picnic in the meadow. Eating, our main abstraction, is interrupted by scavenger hunt, games, Big Apples, bonfires, singing, dancing. The grand finale is furnished in the form of a lantern service, like, but not like, the one in June, intended to impress on the minds of the Seniors the vastness of their responsibility in the school.
- Sept. 26, Sun. The intricacies of the pledge system and the Service League are explained to us at the first meeting of that august body.
- Sept. 27, Mon. We realize how strong is the grip of the Big Apple when a phone call for a certain teacher discloses the fact that she is in Willis Hall, deep in the throes of that inscrutable dance.
- Sept. 29, Wed. Helen Owsley drops in, en route for Charlottesville.
- Oct. 2, Sat. Hay-fever rocks the school at a "barn dance" in Willis, given by the new girls. Between sneezes we are able to enjoy the entertainment provided by Dodo Pell, in the form of Huffard-Cauchois, dancing à la Allen, and many other numbers. The highlight of the evening, though, is the sight of the faculty really getting the Big Apple hot.
- Oct. 3, Sun. Two frozen plants are offered Charlie Morris and Louise Stillwell, new girl and old girl respectively, for winning the name contest, which presentation was preceded by a very superior recital by Miss Andrus.
- Oct. 6, Wed. A new face appears in our midst—belonging to Mary Mitchell, who by some unkind fate has been in the infirmary since we got here—"just a cold id the dose," she says.
- Oct. 10, Sun. Just as we are getting used to one new girl, along comes another: Miss Marion ("Mimi") Sutphen, if you please! How do!
- Oct. 16, Sat. After thinking up fifty appropriate puns to make concerning "The Big Chance," we (the editors) decline to print any of them, knowing you can doubtless do far better.
- Oct. 17, Sun. A really inspiring lecture by Dr. Thurman proves a pleasant contrast to our Australian friend, "hair-do" Sims, of last night.



## THE CHATHAMITE . . .

- Oct. 21, Thu. The Purples must be much more amusing people than the Golds, for again they win the funny swimming meet. Evie, with usual studied casualness, greets the water fully garbed.
- Oct. 22, Fri. Betsy Rust, looking very Greta Garboish, comes to pay us all a visit.
- Oct. 23, Sat. The curious case of customs is explained to us by Dr. John Temple Graves. According to him, our generation may expect to raise our offspring in strictest Victorian style, while our great-grandchildren will probably be the most spoiled good-for-nothings in history!
- Oct. 24, Sun. "Now there was a young girl from China, but she was not Chinese—" Who is it? Why Helen Roberts, of course, who finds, to her chagrin, two, instead of the usual one, room companions.
- Oct. 25, Mon. The history trip staggers into the school they left so brightly two days ago. Apparently the oysters were of doubtful pedigree!
- Oct. 28, Thu. The *én-tire* school officially examines the new faculty club-house, and receives its portion of punch and cookies in return.
- Oct. 30, Sat. The scenic trip leaves, after a fervid prayer that the oysters will behave for them.  
Flinging realism to the winds, we hasten to don skulls and picture frames, in order to be eligible for the surrealistic Hallowe'en party, thunk up by the brainy Golds. Mary Jane Hart, portraying with forceful unrealism the barbarian that lies hidden within the most civilized of us, carries off the prize for the best costume.
- Oct. 31, Sun. The first meeting of the Discussion Groups finds us tackling the problem of: "What do we expect of an education?" Well, I bite, what do we?
- Nov. 3, Wed. A few lucky Presbyterians, much to our disgust, gorge on yummy sandwiches and tea at Mrs. Hurt's. Rising as a body, the Episcopalians ask why they don't rate, too!
- Nov. 5, Fri. We feel something has been put over on us, as the younger members of the faculty trip the light fantastic with their escorts on into the wee small minutes of the morn. We console ourselves with leaning out of windows and catching the lilting strains of *Satan Takes a Holiday*.
- Nov. 6, Sat. The lure of the college week-end causes an exodus of practically the whole school. The one or two people left are amused and touched in assembly by *The Old Lady Shows Her Medals*, with Peaches Finney as the old lady, and gripped by *Riders to the Sea*, starring Mary Carothers.
- Nov. 12, Fri. P. K. Kingsland, Doffy Bettle, and Ellie Herrick land in our midst!
- Nov. 13, Sat. Miss Eliot gives us an illuminating talk dealing with such complex subjects as the government and its problems.
- Nov. 14, Sun. The mountain folk of North Carolina suddenly come to life for us, as Dr. McClure tells us of the fascinating work he is doing among these people.
- Nov. 20, Sat. The Glee Club, that much heard, but little seen, body, honors us with its annual concert, which we all agree quite lives up to its reputation for superfine vocal work.
- Nov. 25, Thu. Thanksgiving! After tearing madly all day from picnic to movies we relax at night and gleefully watch our friends do their stuff in a very "Amateur Hour," while Mr. Brush wields a wicked gong. After



## . . . THE CHATHAMITE

- lengthy discussion the judges finally bestow the first prize on the "Three Stooges," whom-we-knew-would-get-it-all-the-time-anyhow!
- Nov. 26, Fri. Mr. and Mrs. Paul Fleming present an "Evening of Magic" which leaves us pleasantly baffled.
- Dec. 3, Fri. Joseph Auslander gives us a lecture which helps to alleviate our depressing ignorance on the subject of poetry, interspersed with the charming poems of his equally charming wife, Audrey Wurdemann.
- Dec. 4, Sat. Jealously we watch the riders consuming mounds of doughnuts in the Gymkhana, and then find that we can buy equally tremendous mounds at the foreign bazaar that night—"She'll Be Comin' Round' the Mountain!" Dr. McClure's fiddlers swing it in true mountain style.
- Dec. 12, Sun. Pollie Winslow makes the loveliest madonna ever, in the Christmas Pageant, which this year is an honest-to-goodness Miracle play.
- Dec. 16, Thu. Christmas party for the white employees' children! They gaze with rapturous awe at the mighty Christmas tree and the elegant presents doled out by Sheila Clark as Mr. Santa.
- Dec. 17, Fri. The colored chilluns have their turn, and prove while "going to Jerusalem" that they "all got rhythm"!
- Dec. 18, Sat. Vacation! 'Nuff said!!

### WINTER TERM—1938

- Jan. 4, Tues. We return, a little bedraggled and world-weary, but unfortunately minus one member, Anne Macy.
- Jan. 8, Sat. To vanquish lingering traces of "vacation blues," some of our talented ones present the "Chatham Follies." Emily Clemons as a slinky siren, Julie Foraker as a Cuban cabaret dancer, and Mrs. McKnight as a naive Nipponese leave us gasping for air!
- Jan. 9, Sun. The League of Nations at long last becomes comprehensible to us, when Mr. Clark Eichelberger lectures on it in Service League.
- Jan. 15, Sat. Fascinated, we sit in assembly looking through a keyhole for fifteen minutes at Judy Gray as "Mannikin" and Dena Wright as "Minnikin," in the play of the same title. Afterwards we go—woosh!—through France, in movies put out by the French railroad.
- Jan. 16, Sun. Our appreciation of music develops immeasurably as we listen to Miss Andrus's incomparable piano playing.
- Jan. 17, Mon. Tatiana Gnoocheff, no less than an exile from Russia, dances divinely, and makes us homesick for the Siberian Singers!
- Jan. 21, Fri. Winnie arrives for a visit. A small addition on the third finger of her left hand makes us wonder (!)
- Jan. 23, Sun. Dr. Lee bids us goodbye in Vespers just in time to catch the train for Florida. We trust that he will bring back a few fish in addition to stories!
- Jan. 26, Wed. No—Yes! Exams! Though one day later than usual. Glum faces prevail.
- Jan. 29, Sat. Mrs. Clemons presents a series of choice monologues which send us, per usual, into gales (hurricanes?) of laughter.
- Jan. 31, Mon. Giotto and Rembrandt and Gainsborough parade before us, accompanied by the artistic phraseology of Mrs. McKnight.



## THE CHATHAMITE . . .

- Feb. 5, Sat. The mellow notes of Basil Browder, tenor, resound to the accompaniment of the mellow playing of his wife! We clap vociferously for some jazz, but such selections as *Old Man River*, to a few of the better educated anyway, do just as well!
- Feb. 7, Mon. Mary Cary Willcox (class of '36) begins a two-week visit here. (She may be petite, but she does believe in doing things in a big way.)
- Feb. 8, 9, 10. Miss Anne Wiggin and "Youth and the New World" in all the world.
- Feb. 12, Sat. The Dance. Rumor has it that everyone enjoyed it, but as this is debatable, we will content ourselves with noting that the scenery was beautiful, the music divine, and the guests superb!
- Feb. 13, Sun. Service League Lecture: Mr. Robert West of the Danville Cotton Mills explains to us the ins and outs of this so-called Industrial Revolution. He narrowly escaped talking to thin air, several of our members finding the intimacy of their closets more convivial.
- Feb. 17, Thu. Doffy and P. K. once again surprise us with their faces (this time slightly tanned, result of the Florida sun).
- Feb. 19, Sat. The stream of French in assembly in *La Pie Borgne* was so eloquently fast that we're afraid we can't tell you much about it, other than it amused us. But *The Proposal* was in good plain English, and we caught all of the sweet nothings that passed between Pat O'Brian and Peaches Finney.
- Feb. 28, Mon. Miss Miller gives a recital, which, though the best she has ever given us, is a really very sad occasion, for it is the last time she will ever sing to us thus.
- Mar. 5, Sat. Dykie and Sally Ferguson arrive just in time to hear the first list of the temporary council read out. The Siberian Singers, diminished in numbers but not in gusto, return at last. Better trained, perhaps, this year, we are able to receive them with more equilibrium than last year, and they express their appreciation by abstaining from all forms of midnight entertainment.
- Mar. 13, Sun. Mr. Robert Watt very forcefully tells us what Labor has to say about this present-day mess.
- Mar. 14, Mon. We elect a perfectly perfect May Queen, Maid of Honor, and First Lady of the Court: Carol Murray, Mary Sprague, and Pollie Winslow, respectively.
- Mar. 18, Fri. Nat Munson, Em Townsend, and Betty Zabriskie, last year's Mad Margaret, arrive in time to see our forthcoming *The Pirates of Penzance*.
- Mar. 19, Sat. The great, the only, *The Pirates of Penzance*, composed by that irresistible pair, Gil and Sull, and put on by the Glee Club of The Chatham Seminary for Girls! Sob with Bunny Mallory and Mary Sprague! Roar with Evie Mills and Mickey McGiffert! Get your no money's worth! (Fitting ad, we think, for this performance to end *all* performances.)
- Mar. 24, Thu. Spring—vacation—hence, home!

### SPRING TERM—1938

- Apr. 4, Mon. Still spring—but still not vacation—hence, school!
- Apr. 9, Sat. Male voices cause the walls of Willis to sit up and listen as the University of Virginia Glee Club serenades us manfully. Those girls who are



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- able to show not too doubtful connections with the songsters have the privilege of entertaining them afterwards.
- Apr. 10, Sun. Dr. Edward Lobenstien, after giving us a fine sermon in church, follows up with an equally fine lecture in Service League on that ever recurrent subject, "China."
- Apr. 11, Mon. Miss Ethel Glenn Hier and a lecture-piano recital on and of contemporary music.
- Apr. 16, Sat. Mrs. William Slade entertains us at night with a lecture on Parson Woodford's *Diary*.
- Apr. 18, Sat. Egged on by Hollister's promises of "old-fashioned games" we celebrate Easter at Green Rock, doing full justice to Mr. Bunny.
- May 7, Sat. The sun rises on a real "so'then" May Day! After watching the riders perform in the drill and the "Lancers" dance, we don pre-Civil War fashions, and do square dances and Virginia Reels before the Queen and her Court. That evening we dance in a more up-to-date manner with our gentlemen guests.
- May 29, Sun. White dresses and candles and the new Service League relieves the old one of its duties.
- May 31, Tues. Final exams: the beginning of the end.
- June 4, Sat. Peering through clouds of dust, we watch horses and riders do their stuff in the Horse Show. The Purple and Gold banquet occupies our attention next, after which we watch the Seniors hurl their books into a bonfire on the front driveway. Mr. Woolley must have nine lives at least to have survived the flames this long!
- June 5, Sun. The Baccalaureate Address is delivered by The Reverend W. Yates, St. Philip's Church, Durham, North Carolina, in the Emmanuel Church, Chatham. That night the Seniors pass on their lanterns and responsibilities to the Juniors in the traditional Lantern Service.
- June 6, Mon. Senior Class Day. The daisy chain is formed into the numerals '38, the class Prophecy and Will are read out, and the spirit of the Seniors is left behind in the form of a tree. That night we are thrilled by *The Late Christopher Bean*, starring Pollie Winslow, and with a supporting cast of Mary Carothers, Bunny Brundred, Julia Foraker, Dena Wright, Eedee Porter, Pat O'Brian, Marcia Williams, Louise Ligget, and Louise Dorrance.
- June 7, Tues. Commencement. Mr. John B. Hollister (father of our own) is the speaker. Comes noon—and we have scattered to the winds, burdened only with memories of a wonderful year.





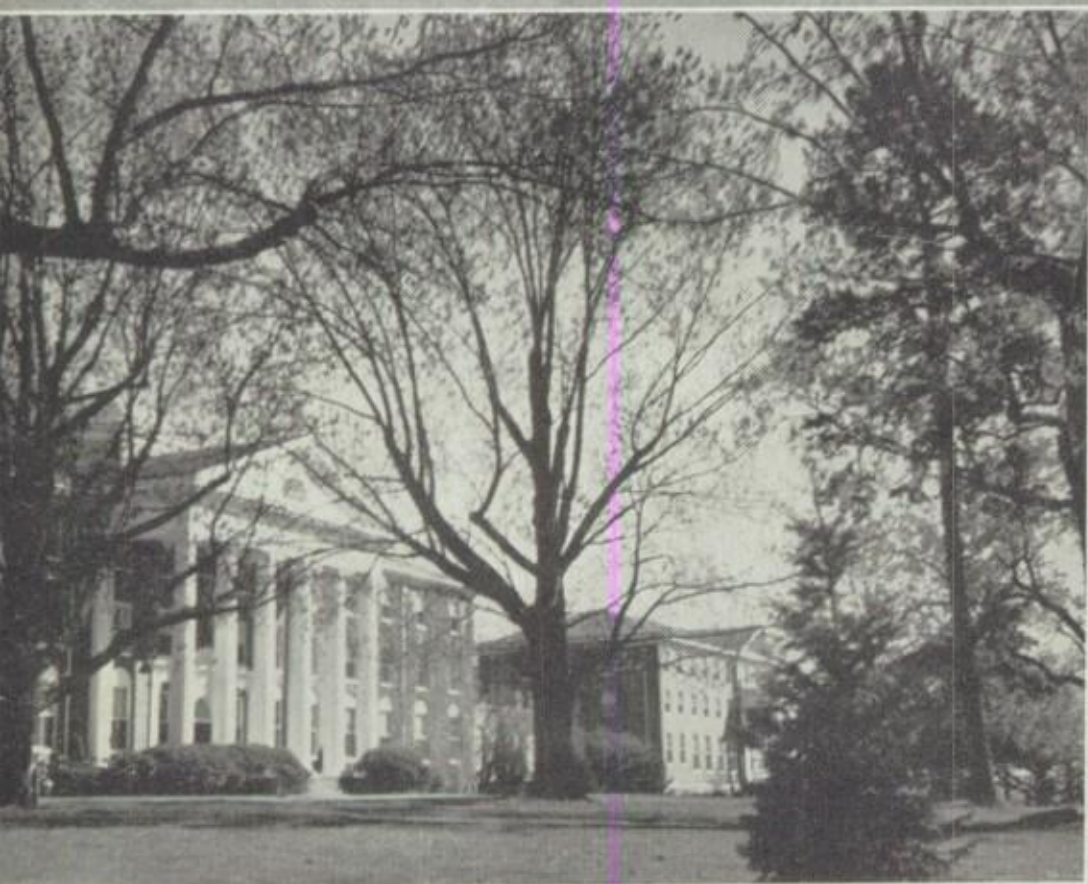
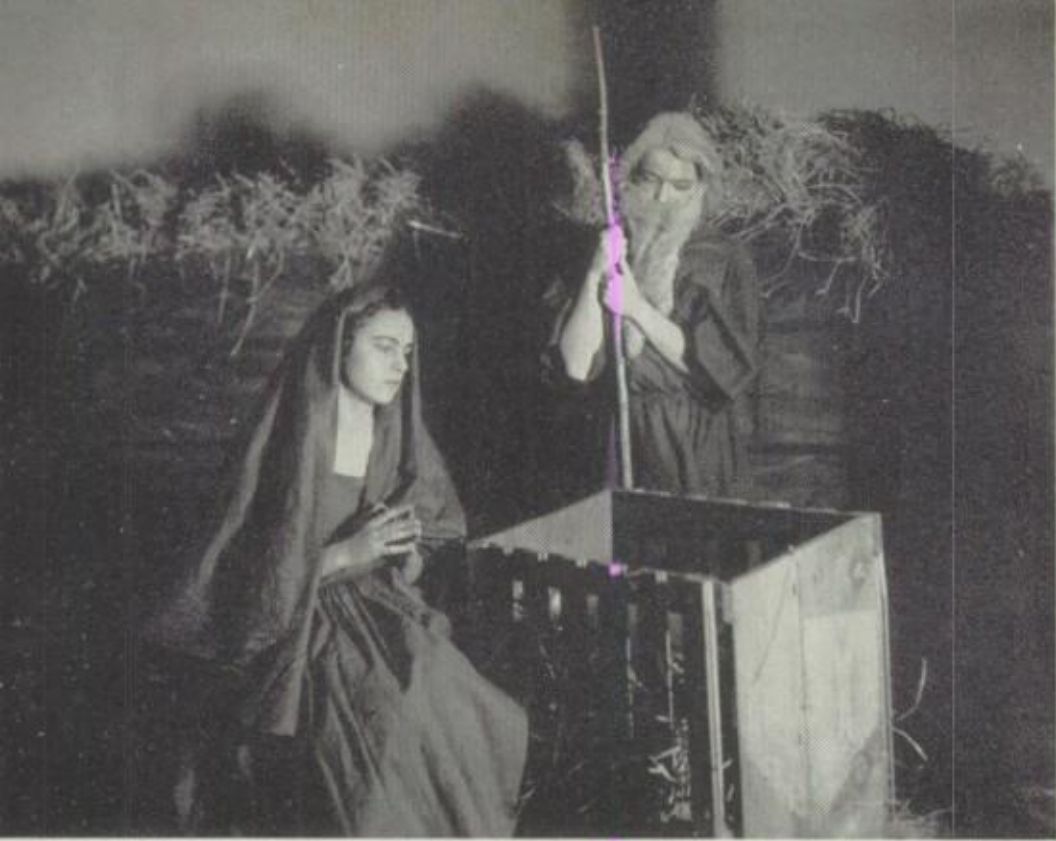
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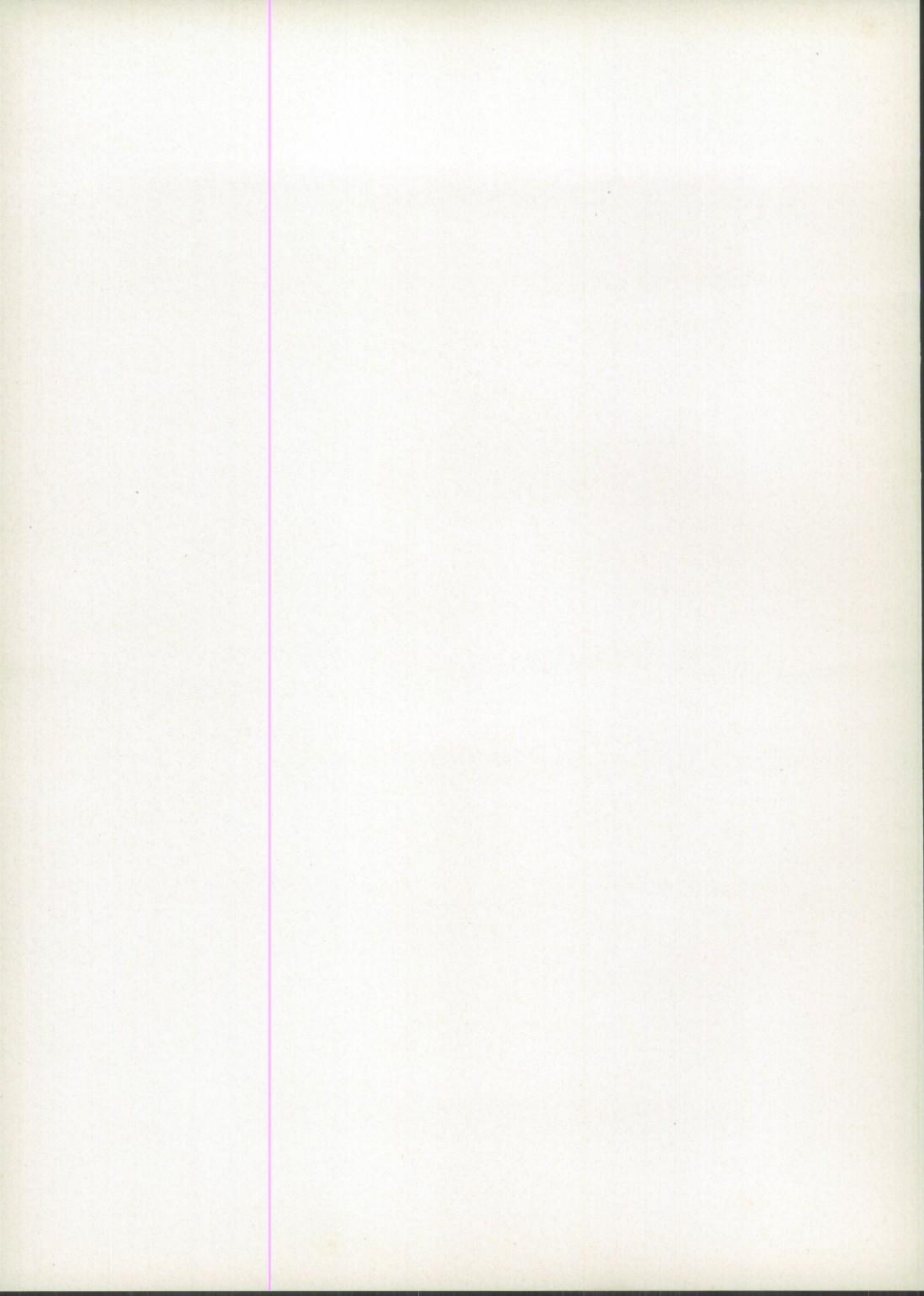














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Sun-Pruf Kit for beach and cabana—contains Ardena Dusting Powder, Skin Tonic, Ve'va Cream, miniature Cameo Powder, Sun-Pruf Cream, Lipstick . . . \$6.50

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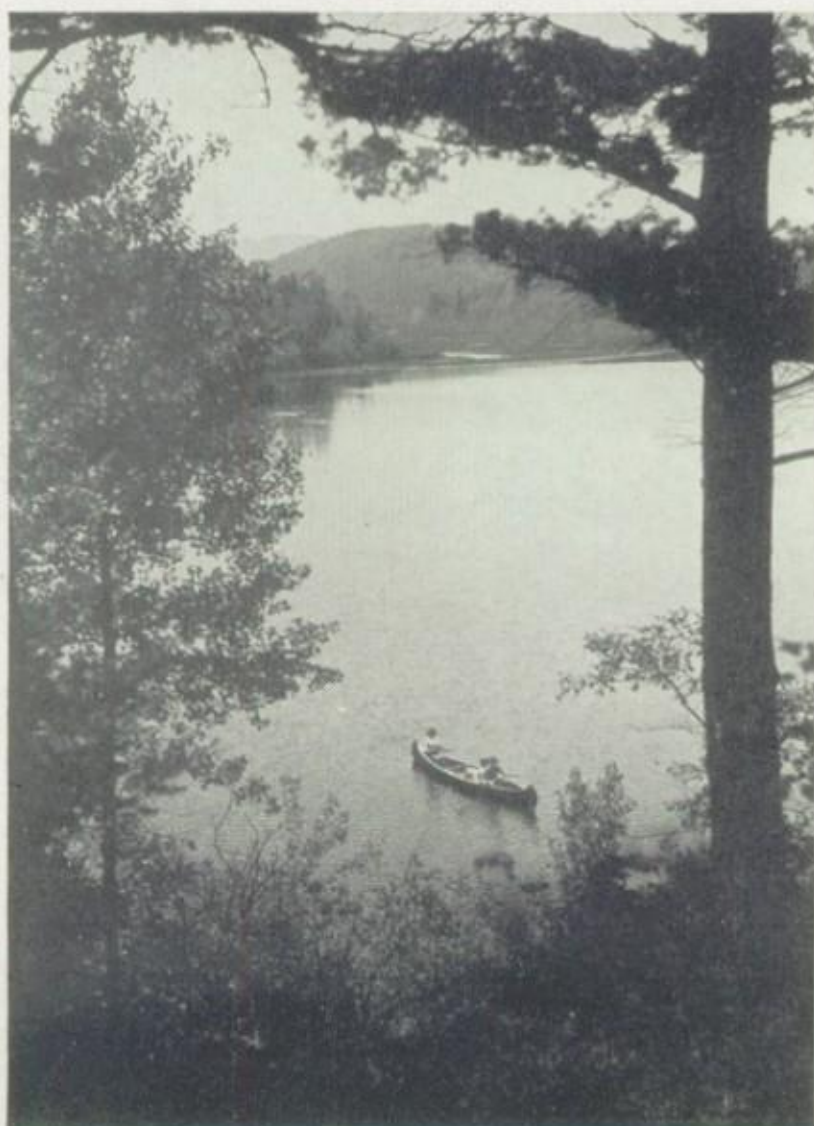
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The recent installation  
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A HAPPY VOYAGE ON THE  
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Goodbye and good luck on your travel,  
Good health and good times while away,  
With a hearty good welcome awaiting  
At Herman's for those who may stay.

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**L.HERMAN**  
*'Danville's Best Store'*

OUR 52nd YEAR OF SINCERE SERVICE



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## HONORS RECEIVED IN JUNE

(The Board of the CHATHAMITE suggests that the following blanks be filled in so that your record of the year 1937-1938 will be complete.)

### MEDALS

Rector's Medal .....

Sherwood Dramatic Medal.....

Junior Scholarship Medal.....

Senior Scholarship Medals .....

### LITERARY AWARDS

Senior Essay Medal.....

Best Stories in the CHATHAMITES.....

### SECOND SEMESTER HONOR ROLL

.....  
.....  
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.....

### WINNERS OF RIBBONS IN HORSE SHOW

.....  
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### ATHLETIC HONORS

*Teams*

Basketball Varsity

.....  
.....  
.....



Baseball Varsity

.....  
.....  
.....  
.....

*Cups Presented to Winners of*

Tennis Singles .....

Tennis Doubles .....

Golf .....

Badminton .....

Archery .....

Swimming .....

*Cups Presented to*

Captain of Winning Soccer Team.....

Captain of Winning Basketball Team.....

Captain of Winning Hockey Team.....

Captain of Winning Volleyball Team.....

Captain of Winning Baseball Team.....

Team Winning Greatest Number of Athletic Contests.....

Highest Individual Scorer.....

Girl Showing the Most Improvement.....

*Plaque to Winning Team*.....





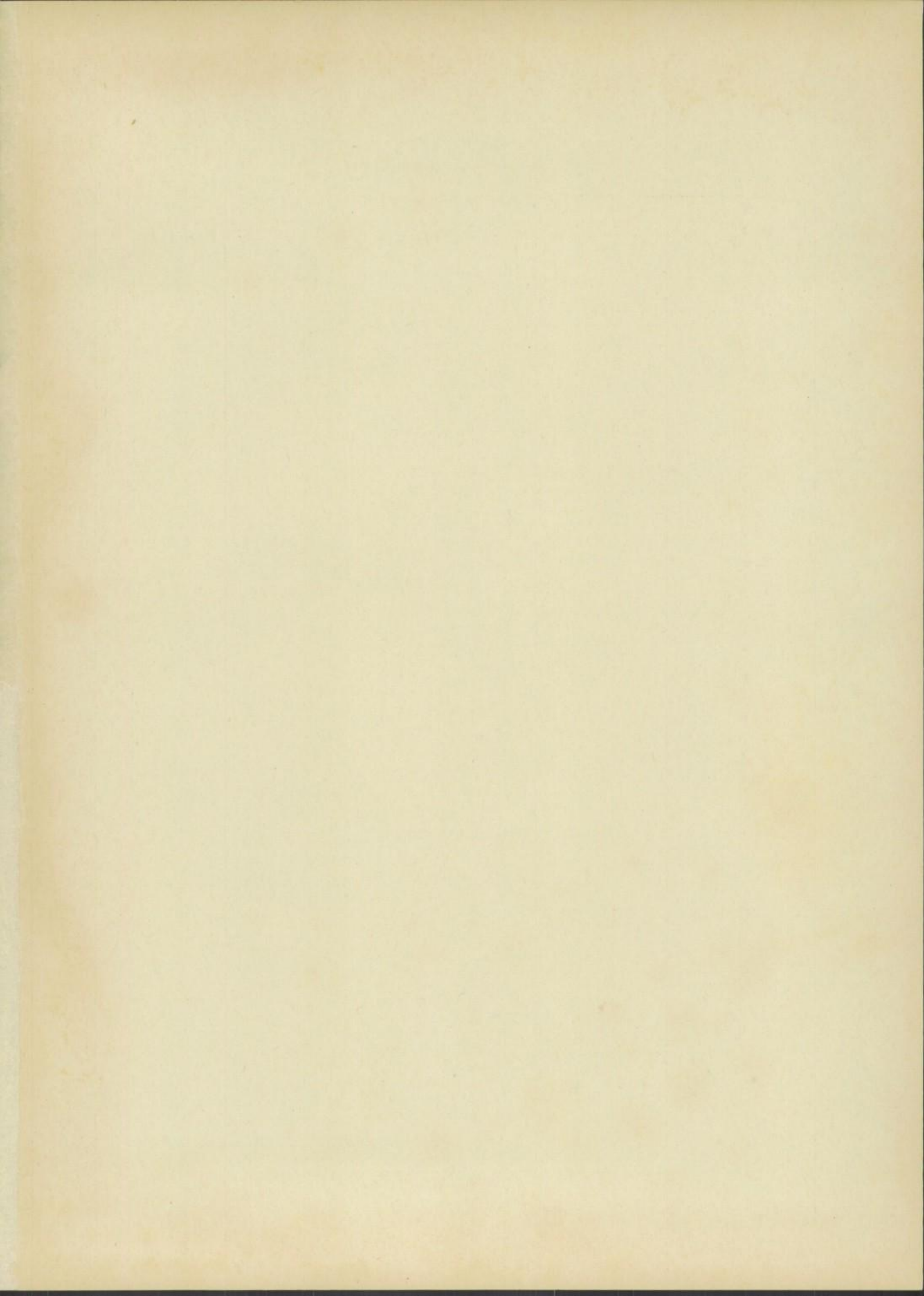
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STU. down -

Don't know what's

do with all being

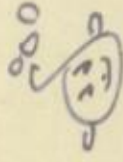
to look at you beautiful

breaks coming next year!

By good, a big year

overlooked

Lotus left



knows

9'10, 12'10  
'local' will be  
do will 'you will'  
year? 'you will'  
you a 'you will'  
course back local. 11's  
5220 21211 'you will'  
you — 'you will'

Don't know  
what's  
do with all  
being  
to look at  
you beautiful  
breaks coming  
next year!

How you  
doing? How you



Dear Leo,  
I bet you got word  
of us in Study Hall  
you were always studying  
and today and I were  
making noise - Se says  
really - please don't think  
badly of us  
lots of love and luck  
Randy

Dear Steve,  
Well there really  
isn't anything to say  
but to wish you  
loads of good luck  
and everything.  
Ecky



